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1953

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Cover by Friscille

Arthur L. Gale, Editor

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Magician Kalenog, now appearing in Munich, demonstrates India's well known rope trick.

INDIA'S ROPE TRICK EXPLAINED

THREE is no doubt that the rope trick is the most famous illusion ever performed. Occultists and students of the supernatural are still in bitter dispute with a large class of more mundane individuals as to whether certain holy "fakirs" of India actually use super-normal powers—as, for example, mass hypnotism—in presenting this spectacle.

Though the mystery has still not been officially solved, it is the opinion of this observer—who has seen the trick performed many times both in this country and Asia—that, except possibly in very rare instances, the great trick is trickery and nothing more.

The trick was first mentioned in the Upanishads, a section of the ancient Hindu Veda, long before the Birth of Christ. It has been described many times since, and its basic essentials never change.

Briefly, the magician or fakir throws one end of a coiled rope into the air. The rope does not fall back to the ground, but continues to ascend and lengthen miraculously until its top end is lost to sight in the sky or clouds.

Next a small boy climbs up the rope and also vanishes. The fakir commands him to come down, but

For centuries Indian Fakirs imposed on the public credulity with the trick which is easily performed by stage magicians

he does not obey. Finally the enraged fakir seizes a vicious-looking sword and climbs up after the boy, disappearing in turn.

Then there is a gruesome commotion—the curses of the fakir, the

(Continued on page 56)



A midget climbs up rope and when he reaches top, vanishes completely.

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MY WEEK OF HELL ON SNIPER RIDGE



Only four miles north is the Communist stronghold on the jagged Mount Ossang where the Reds have mess'd big guns to protect advancing troops.

The Kumhwa ridges are in the heart of the central front of the UN lines.

By Sgt. Robert L. Herbert

THE Lieutenant said: "We'll start rolling in half an hour." He was looking up the shell-pitted valley toward the barren peaks of the Kumhwa ridges.

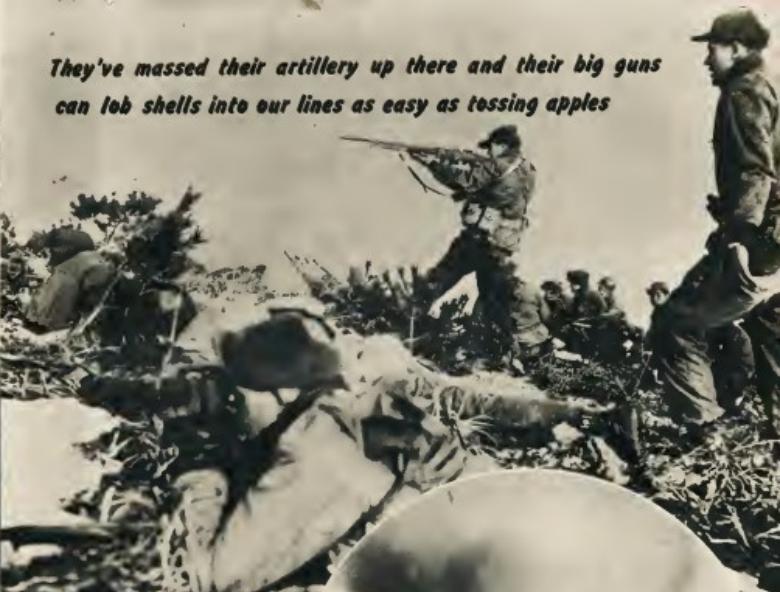
"We ain't loaded yet," the sergeant said. "What are you waiting for?"

"Well, dammit, get loaded," the lieutenant said. "What are you waiting for?"

I only got two books on my sleeve when I've been in Korea long enough to know the score. That lieutenant wasn't mad. He was jumpy. All the good ones are jumpy before the action starts. And he knew this was going to be tough. We all knew it.

Before that week was over we found out about hell. It's on a place called Sniper Ridge. It's not hot there. It's cold as January in Ver-

They've massed their artillery up there and their big guns can lob shells into our lines as easy as tossing apples



We were firing at an angle, relying the ridge on which artillery was bearing.

mont. The terrain looks like the craters on the moon. The dawns are livid with shellbursts and the nights have the white streaks of tracer in them. And it's noisy all the time. The sharp crackle blinks of the big guns, the crackle of automatic rifles, the thump of the grenades and then the slap of stone and sand falling like rain. And even worse sounds: the scream of a man mortally wounded, the shallow gasping of a man who is about to die.

But I wasn't thinking about all that the morning of October 14. I was busy helping load the tanks and clean the gear. Like all the other men getting ready to move up I was trying to second guess the generals.

"What do they want with them ridges?" a private said.

"What the hell do you care?" the sergeant snapped. He was jumpy.
(Continued on page 40)



There is no need for an interpreter when conversation with the Reds is carried on by this U. S. Army tank blasting Chinese held positions.

Berlin NEW SIN

CENTER

Horrible sex cults flourish in the rubble of post war Berlin where men seek any new vice so they can forget

By LUDWIG DIETZLER

ONE of the worst aspects of the aftermath of a great war, is the breakdown in moral standards, an effect that is at its worst in a vanquished country. Broken careers, broken homes and a future of complete uncertainty cause men and women to seek an escape, sometimes by means that under ordinary circumstances they would find abhorrent.

A short time ago, the Berlin newspapers carried a brief notice of a suicide—the self-destruction of a sickly and beautiful woman. Investigation revealed that she had been a member of one of the numerous "Lucifer" or "Satan" cults whose orgies conducted under the guise of perverted religion, are so horrible and revolting as to be unbelievable to the normal American—or indeed the normal Berliner.

This woman—once a decent member of society—killed herself as a warning to others. She left behind a diary describing the hideous slavery into which the hypnotic influence of a self-styled "Lucifer" had forced her and other unsuspecting victims.

At almost the same time, there was another brief notice of the breaking up of a "Death Cult," whose

members specialized in graveyard vandalism. These human ghouls desecrated cemeteries, opening graves and removing bodies, skulls, and skeletons which they used to decorate their "Temples"—a large mausoleum in a really blessed and unused cemetery. In this mausoleum men and women—many of them of high position and culture—gathered for orgies which they committed in coffins.

I AM one of the few non-Berliners who have witnessed the unspeakable orgies conducted by members of these and other cults, which thrive like unhealthy toadstools in basements, cellars, and other suitable hiding places. (Continued on page 57)



Left, assignations are quickly made on a Berlin street. Above, four hundred German girls rounded up after British M.P.s raided night club.



Berlin cafes offer specialized accommodations for intimate views of actors.



The little, moveable shielded booth provided for intimacy does not seem necessary to the friendly young couple in foreground.

Dancers, who are part of the casual floor shows may also entertain at the tables. Frequently, girls are men in costume.





By CLINT SINGLETON

A HERO has returned to his home in the Bronx section of New York City. Col. Hubert Fauntleroy Julian is his name, although he is better known to millions, awed, amazed and amused by his dazzling exploits, as "The Black Eagle" of Harlem.

From 1948, until the end of October of last year, the dapper Col. Julian had served as arms buyer for the Guatemalan government. This association was terminated at the request of the officials of that country.

Well heeled financially as a result of his Guatemalan operations, Julian has admitted that "what happened hurts," but he faces the future with the courage of one who has often turned impending disaster into triumph. In fact, he is accustomed to a fantastic up and down career in the years since 1923, when he learned parachute jumping from Clarence Chamberlain, who later flew the Atlantic.

Late in the Summer of '23, a tall, slim and handsome Negro, attired

"The Black Eagle of Harlem" serving as chief of Haile Sallisi's air force and, below, the Eagle, always a fashion plate, as he appeared in New York.



THE Black Eagle CAME HOME

The amazing Hubert F. Julian, Black Eagle of Harlem, was, in succession, backbone of Ethiopia's air fleet, Captain in the Finnish Air Force and purchaser of munitions for Guatemala

in a sky-blue uniform with a sky-blue kepi rakishly tilted over one eye, approached a workshop near the New Jersey Palisades. Inside, Chamberlain was busy tinkering with a 'plane engine.

"I am looking for Major Chamberlain," said the visitor.

"Colonel Chamberlain," replied Chamberlain. "What do you wish to see me about?"

"I am Hubert Fauntleroy Julian," answered the tall, military-looking figure. "I follow the parachuting business. Maybe you have heard of some of my jumps around Montreal."

"Can't say that I have," said Chamberlain.

"Well, I'd like you to take me up for a jump," said the visitor.

"We can use that machine," said Chamberlain, pointing to a beat-up Avro bi-plane. He also gave Julian an old Army parachute.

THEY ascended some 3,000 feet. Chamberlain gave his passenger a couple of signals to jump. They were shaken off. Finally, Julian stepped out on a wing and clutched a strut. Chamberlain gave him a signal, accompanied by a jerk of the 'plane, and the passenger was off the wing.

He landed safely, still clutching the strut which he had ripped off the Avro, but was tangled in his shroud lines. After helping him to his feet, Chamberlain stepped back.

"That was one of my most remarkable jumps, Colonel," said the now happy jumper. "Yes, sir, my most remarkable jump."

"I guess you were getting a little rusty," ventured Chamberlain, with a smile.

(Continued on page 41)



Below, Ethiopian conditions did not allow Col. Julian comforts that he usually expected but he remained his standards later, as seen above.



After eight men, including the Governor's brother, disappeared, the good citizens of Independence, Calif., felt that they could no longer ignore the coincidence

THE CASE OF THE PICKLED PORK

By RICHARD FERBER

NOWADAYS the average murderer is unimaginative. Sure, there's Lizzie Borden, who took an axe to her father and mother, and Winnie Ruth Judd, who sliced up two girl friends and put them in a trunk, and there's Loeb and Leopold, and Billy Smith, and a few others. All grisly crimes indeed, but all second-class too, as compared to the handiwork of some forgotten old-timers.

Back in 1862 the citizens of Independence, California thought little of finding a dead man in the street when they awoke in the morning. There were plenty of those who found killing for gold more lucrative than prospecting for it, and the prone bodies of their victims rarely caused a stir among the gold-hungry population. One such victim lay where he had fallen for two days before the unperturbed inhabitants pulled him from the street and gave him an unceremonious burial.

It was not surprising that in this atmosphere of casual bloodletting the disappearance of a man around Owens Lake one day in 1862 was no more newsworthy to that bustling hamlet than the passing of some old sourdough's favorite jackass. When the same thing happened a month or so later the reaction was no less indifferent. After all, if a man had a cache of gold and expected to get more than ten miles out of town with it, he usually left without saying goodbye to his friends.

A less cautious departure usually meant meeting your friends again somewhere on the road, over the muzzle end of a loaded revolver. There was a premium on a man's ability to disappear without a trace, and no one, therefore, saw reason to worry over two such trivial incidents.

BY the end of the year, however, the toll of disappearances in that vicinity had risen to seven, and the men of Independence felt that they could no longer ignore the coincidence. Many speculations arose as to the fate of the seven men, and public indignation ran high, but never high enough to get the miners beyond the swinging doors of the town's many saloons. As no explanation of the disappearances was forthcoming, the conversation soon dropped back to bawdy stories and dreams of bonanza, and the seven men were readily forgotten.

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Early the next spring Governor Nye's brother stopped off at Independence on his way to the Panamint Mountains to do a little prospecting for lead which, because of the Civil War, was fast becoming more precious than gold. When he was about to be married, the boy he intended to follow the new stage road toward Owens Lake was last seen riding in that direction on a coal-black horse. It wasn't long before he was recorded in the local history as victim number eight.

While the people of Independence seemed willing to continue their casual musings, Governor Nye was of a different mind. Within a few weeks a dozen detectives were combing the country-side in search of the missing brother. The results were less than promising. Not only was there no trace of the boy or of Governor's brother, but extensive investigation had produced not a clue to the disappearance of the seven less prominent parties. The case became so hopeless that Billy Richmond, the chief detective, took to passing most of his time in the camp saloons.

One afternoon when he was enjoying the shade in front of one of these establishments, his attention was attracted by the conversation of an old sourdough who had just come in from prospecting in the mountains for over a year.

It seems he had been taking out a little dust near Owens Lake and had seen a couple of the men who had later disappeared. Particularly, he had seen a man riding a coal-black horse. At that time he was camped only a few miles from a stage station run by one Tom Sully. Richmond lost no time in getting up there.

TOM SULLY'S station was located at a place called Hayway Meadows, a kind of an oasis along the otherwise desolate stage road. Near it was a spring that ran all year around and irrigated a few acres of ground and pasture, so that the proprietor found time to cultivate between the infrequent visits of the stage.

It was an idyllic home to the hardy prospectors. But Sully's fame as an innkeeper was based not on his pastoral surroundings, but rather on his excellent cuisine. In those days it was hard to get roasted coffee, most of the coffee being made by grinding up the green bean with stones, a trick the miners had learned by watching the Indians crush corn.



It wasn't until Dr. Liston got active that anybody realized what was happening at a cheerful inn called Hayway Meadows.

A "Miss Universe" CONTEST

These two girls didn't make

UNSCIOUS Carolyn Carlew and Trula Birchfield failed to win the Miss Universe Contest in Hollywood but they were awarded runner-up prizes by United International Pictures. Carolyn, who represented Missouri, and Trula, who hails from Oklahoma, were good losers but a possible screen careers was a welcome consolation.

Before they left for home, the girls decided to see the sights of Hollywood and Hollywood, in turn, had a chance to see these enchanting girls.

Carolyn (left) and Trula are visiting Hollywood's gay spots. Here they have decided to put the bartender to work for a while. Is this very hard work?



The water may be cool, but it certainly isn't calm with Carolyn there, who is making very sure that the pool will be full before she dives in.

Miss Universe, but with girls like these, the universe is a wonderful place



Roommates during their stay in Hollywood, Carolyn (l.) and Trula unpack.

Trula, from Oklahoma, relaxes in hotel room before she goes swimming.



These girls didn't win, but aren't we glad they are around?



GARDEN STATE PARK GARDEN STATE PARK
1 5R 10-17-51 5R 10-17-51

Winning

Pick your spots like a banker

By CLEM BODDINGTON

BACK in 1904, a groom at New Orleans ran a dollar up to \$36,000 in two days by betting on twelve successive winners. On the third day he failed to win a bet and had to borrow eating money. The moral is:

If you try to make a lot of money in horse racing, you're liable to losing a lot of money, too.

Thousands of horse players haven't the time, energy or patience to pore over past performances, add and subtract, and consider weight and speed, plus other factors that may be involved before deciding to bet. On the other hand, it's worth remembering that horse racing is not a game of chance. Unless you have a knowledge of the fundamentals you are simply throwing your money down the drain when you rely on "luck."

Yet, millions of persons like to have a couple of bucks riding for them every day.

A photo finish will call for hair tearing, no matter what system you use to place bets, hit or miss, handicapping or method offered here.



Forget the "tote" board and stick to your Consensus. Shrewd spot pickers have been paid off in four figures by horses that have been overlooked.

WITHOUT HANDICAPPING

making an investment and take home a safe percentage from the track



On the last turn. If the chalk horse, a favorite, has won, consider the second choice in the Racing Form Consensus as the horse to play.

There is the hit-or-miss method whereby the player picks up the morning paper, chooses the name of a horse with which he is familiar and plays it. If he loses, he watches for it the next time out and continues the process. The sad part of this type of play is that some horses run a whole year and never win, or, if they win once or twice during the course of twenty or more races, they pay only a \$6.00 or \$8.00 mutuel and, of course, less when the neighborhood bookie pays off.

Sometimes, if the horse loses several times in a row, the hit-or-miss bettor may drop him in disgust on the "dog" dog, while the player in following another "dog." This method of play is what the bookies call "sucker money."

For the "amateur" picker, there is another method that often brings in good results.

In allowance sprints or overnight sprint handicaps the track handicapper usually arranges it so that one horse will be carrying more weight than another.

Playing the horse carrying the lightest weight has its points. Sure, a horse has a small public following because he is usually a second-racer, and for that reason he often pays off at lush odds when he does finish in the money. This method isn't recommended, however, for long-time play.

ANOTHER method of selecting, without handicapping, is playing the morning line track odds. Just take the opening odds favorite regardless of how it is bet by the general public. You will get a few winners this way, too. It's just like following your favorite handicapper straight down the day's card.

Sport players like to have the advantage in their favor when they play. They know that the majority of handicappers select the same horse; the odds are that the horse will pay much lower in comparison to his true ability. They know, too, that when there are two contenders, according to the majority of

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HARD ROCK

There was a trap in the path to the cliff that no city girl could pass

By LAFFITE HOWARD

THE stench of burning hair stung the old woman's nose as the blackness faded. The room spun around her, then stopped, then spun again.

Vonnie stood beside the fireplace, the skin on her cheekbones reddened by the blaze. But what the old woman saw was the poker in the girl's hand—the end of it as bright as the burning logs.

"Where is it?" Vonnie demanded. Her breathing pinched her nostrils and dragged her short upper lip back to show her teeth.

The old woman's head hurt. She tried to raise a hand to it, but they were wed behind her. Her feet were rooted to the floor, the carpet bottomed in chair.

The old woman looked at the girl through half-lidded eyes. What a sight she was against the heavy log walls that had sheltered the old woman from the mountain suns and snows for all of her seventy years, and her family before her for almost as long.

"Got some new clothes, ain't ye?" The old woman's voice was flat and gray as her face.

"Sure I got some new clothes, like any girl oughta have," Vonnie spat out the words, her short, full skirt riding up over the poker at the old woman. "You don't think I'm goin' to stay here in these mountains and rot like a cabbage, do you?" She swung the poker closer to the old woman's face. "Tell me where it is and I'll go."

YOU'RE Cousin Lias youngun. You're my own flesh and blood." She spoke sadly.

"And I'd trade the whole mess of you for a chance at a man with some red blood in him." The girl pulled her tight skirt up and put her foot in the old woman's lap. Her toes were sharp and pointed, though spiky heel. "Did you ever see anything like that? I laid a tip made you to town ten years ago? No you didn't, not lessen it was on some of them tourists—but that's what real folks wear, what I'm goin' to wear when I take your gold and get out of these mountains."

The old woman closed her eyes and started to shake her head, but it still hurt. "Lias must have known what he was doin' when he named you Yvonne. There ain't never been a name like it in the family, or a girl like you either, I reckon. She spoke without looking at Vonnie, more as though she was trying to convince herself rather than the girl.

"Now ain't that a shame?" Vonnie touched the old woman's hair with the poker, but it wasn't hot enough to raise much of a stink now. She put it back in the fire. "Look at this room. Seventy year you've spent in it, jest sittin' and rockin' and rottin' like a cabbage."

The old woman didn't have to open her eyes to see the quilt-covered beds in the two corners flanking the

fireplace that was big enough to walk into. Overhead were low rafters of logs, strung with little red peppers. A picture of a girl's face, the old woman's, the school teacher had given her sixty years before still hung in its frame beside the wavy mirror. Outside bees buzzed in the hollyhocks growing along a path to the open door. Just beyond was the spring coming out of the bottom of a cliff. An enormous rock flanked the spring on one side.

"I've been happy," the old woman said defiantly.

"Happy?" Vonnie jabbed the poker harder between the teeth. "That's all I know about it. I want a man that can dance and sing and buy me clothes and drink somethin' besides white liquor."

The old woman licked her lips. "Where'd you get them clothes?"

"Luke bought 'em for me. We went to town whilst you was asleepin' after breakfast."

"Luke shouldn't a done that. He knew he had to plow the north field today."

Vonnie held her hands on her hips. "Don't f look between the back end of a woman and her horse?"

"Where's Luke now? He's been a hired boy ever since his Cousin Jonas finished raisin' him and sent him up here to farm for me." The old woman shook her head. "Ain't he good enough fer ye?"

"That stinkin' ole miser." Vonnie's black eyes shone like the fire. "I had to promise to marry him afore he'd buy me these clothes. Then I made him buy a bottle to celebrate with. He drunk most of it and run off the road. When we got to the Gap, Vonnie made a sound like laughter. "I drug him out by the rest of his overs and got the truck loose and come on here to get your gold he was stellin' me about after he gotlickered up."

THE old woman looked through the wavy glass of the window at the rock cliff behind the house. She could barely see the big flat rock by the spring.

"Don't be a sookin' for no help." Vonnie took the poker out of the fire. "It'll be hours afore Luke wakes up. And it'll take him another couple of hours to walk up here."

She put her hand in the old woman's hair and pulled her head back. She brought the poker so close to her face it singed the hair on her upper lip. "Now where is it? I know your Paw left you a big bag of it!"

The top slat of the chair back pressed so hard on the old woman's neck she could hardly talk. The poker brought out sweat through her leathery skin that ran down into her mouth.

"Wait," she gasped, "you're shurtin' me. I'll tell ye.

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The old woman's caustic sneers of Vonnie's gaudy, store-bought clothes brought the hot poker closer and closer.

Sexual Stimulants RUINED ME

By ANONYMOUS

Erotic drugs have wrecked this man, who frankly tells his story, as a warning . . .

AS I write these words, I am sitting beside the window in my sunny, spacious private room in one of New England's more exclusive "rest hospitals." Reclining in my chair or strolling on the beautifully kept lawns outside I can see many of the other guests—a well-known actor who is also a morphine addict, a famous violinist who is a chronic alcoholic, the paranoid and potentially dangerous heiress to one of America's great fortunes.

psychosomatic wreckage. The fact that I had worked hard under tremendous nervous strain during much of this time may have contributed somewhat to my breakdown, too.

I was sexually both impotent and sterile, suffering from drug-induced urethral strictures that in turn had brought on chronic prostatitis, kidney disorders, and acute disturbances of the entire genito-urinary tract. A few of my other symptoms included spots before the eyes, intermittent hot and cold flashes, palpitations, shortness of breath, violent trembling of the hands, frequent loss of memory, inability to concentrate, uncontrollable crying spells and fits of almost suicidal despondency. My weight had fallen from 197 (in my prime) to a scrawny 134.



A morphine addict, on the verge of convulsions, is given a necessary shot before a cure is attempted.

The directors of this place don't like their establishment to be referred to as a hospital, though it is. It is patently clear by the way with which money—the tab on my room alone, for example, is \$40 a day—I have been here four months. I came here because twenty-five years of sexual excess—abetted unmercifully on many occasions by the use of stimulating drugs from many regions of the world—had reduced me to



Customs inspectors examining shipment of marijuana seized from a ship, arriving in New York from Mexico.

Though I am now forty-three years old, my overall debility—including my total loss of sexuality—was not due to the encroachment of age. I come from long-lived families on both sides; my widowed father, for example, remarried at the age of seventy-one and sired two children by his second wife, who was thirty years his junior. Both my parents lived to be over

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Domestic marijuana found in backyard. Drug is a common sex stimulant.



Powered by professional models

"In addition to burning the candle at both ends, I fed the flame with unnatural fuels and now must pay the penalty," confesses this wretched man.

THE WEREWOLF OF LAVILLE

Carl Schneider was shunned and feared by his Canadian neighbors, but was he the wolf that turned into a man?



The ferocious timber wolves, who attack men and kill children, probably started legend of the blood-thirsty werewolf who seeks his prey by night.

When the change from men to werewolf is complete, the demon looks like a wolf, except for pointed ears; longer, sharper teeth; slavering jaws.



By LEE ELLISON

A YEAR after the end of world war two the tiny hamlet of Laville, lying in a northern valley on the outskirts of inhabited Quebec, received two emigrants from Europe. Kari and Emma Schneider were strange additions to the subarctic community of hunters, trappers and farmers who are more French than Canadian, more frontiersmen than either.

The Schneiders spoke some French, but they were plainly German, big-boned and blue-eyed. The Canadians eyed them with instinctive mistrust, and left them strictly alone.

Karl and Emma did not seem to mind. They took up some scrub land on the hills over Laville, built a cabin, planted a few staple crops, and settled down. On their rare visits to town they were stiff, polite and uncommunicative.

The townsfolk whispered. The English government in Ottawa had sent these German dogs of spleen to report on their poaching. Or they were Nazi bigabots in hiding, waiting the moment when they could return to Europe and lord it over la belle France once more. So went the rumors.

The Schneiders felt the almost palpable hostility, and they showed blank faces to the world. But in the privacy of their miserable hillside cabin, they mixed the ingredients of a dark tragedy.

ONE of the village rumors was near the mark. Kari was a Nazi, unregenerate, who would have killed nothing better than to strut
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One of the dread superstitions of mankind, since the middle ages, is the existence of the werewolf, a beast created by a man who turns into a wolf.

THE WEREWOLF OF LAVILLE



Werewolves at a graveyard wall, ready for the chase. They are supposed to hunt in packs sometimes and to be able to run faster than any animal.

booted through prostrate France again. But he had not been a big shot and he was not in hiding. He and Emma were legal immigrants under the quota for displaced persons. After the fall of Germany, Karl had gone sniveling to the British occupation with a tale of innocence. And the British had given him a clean bill of health.

Karl had not come to Laville to hide. Karl hated people. He wanted to lick his wounds and nurse his vengeful hatreds in private. And he had another reason for choosing a place like Laville. The heavily wooded, rolling countryside reminded him of his youth in the Black Forest, of the days before he joined Hitler's brownshirts.

Things were not the same with Emma. Her parents, now dead, had forced her to marry Karl because as a good Nazi he could bring her security. She had never loved him, but she was accustomed to obey and ask no questions. She knew nothing about his work in the concentration camps; she did not question his decision to come to Canada after the war.

SOMETHING strange and dark was happening to Karl. At first, he worked hard constructing the cabin and breaking the ground for planting. But then he began to spend more time away. He went off with his gun at dawn and came back at nightfall. Sometimes he was empty-handed; sometimes he threw down a brace of ducks, a grouse or a rabbit. As his old woodsman's skill returned, he killed more often, until Emma was forced to remonstrate.

"We can't eat all of this, Karl. It will only go to waste."

Karl's strong teeth flashed in a humorless grin.

"Bury it then. Before it rots."

He continued to kill, and kill, and kill. Every day she heard the report of his shotgun, sometimes nearby, more often faint and faraway. Emma shuddered at each shot. Often she huddled in a corner of the cabin and cried silently for hours.

Always short-spoken, Karl became monosyllabic. He made his wants known with a grunt or a gesture. He came and left without a word. At table, he took great chunks of meat in his hands and tore at them with his teeth. With his long hair and tangled beard half-covering his features, he looked more like a wild beast than a man.

HE began to complain of her cooking. The meat was too well done. She reduced the cooking time, but he continued to object until she served his portion

barely seared in the flames. Then he seemed satisfied. Trickles of blood stained his blond beard as he ate. Emma watched and her fear grew.

Sometimes Emma asked herself how long she would be able to stand her life, but she did not dare to think about the future. Bred to obedience and loyalty, she never considered running away.

Then, when spring thaws sent thousands of rivulets down the hillsides and the forest quickened with renewed life, Emma felt a new life within herself.

Back in Germany, Karl had berated her barrenness. But Karl had changed so that Emma was reluctant to talk to him. She concealed her pregnancy for many weeks. Finally, she had to reveal it.

Karl had come out of the woods, burdened with rabbits and young woodchucks. He had eaten, and now he sat and looked with slitted eyes at the flickering fire. Trembling, faltering over the words, Emma told him that she was with child.

FOR several moments his expression did not change. It was as if he had not heard. Then he said softly, "Ach, so . . ."

Emma's heart flooded with relief. She had feared his anger, but still she had dared to hope that the news might soften him, change him a little.

"So who is the father?" he roared, starting to his feet.

Emma paled. "Karl, what do you mean? What . . ." "Silence, harlot!" His slap flung her against the wall. "Watch for yourself," he snarled, at the door. "I warn you, woman!" And he disappeared into the darkness.

After that, Emma moved through the days in a drugged despair. She thought of taking her own life, but she lacked courage.

Every morning, she saw a thin column of smoke rise over the treetops on the next range of hills. She knew that some settlers lived there. She decided to go to them, rather than face the hostile townsfolk in Laville.

Thus Emma met Madame Fourcault, her nearest neighbor in the wilderness. She was a widow with seven children, the eldest of whom brought a precarious living to the family by trapping.

The French woman knew the Schneiders by reputation, but she had never seen them. Her imagination had swollen them to the proportions of giant ogres. At first she could scarcely believe that this pale young woman, face pinched with hunger and suffering, was the notorious Frau Schneider.

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"The third from the left and two martinis."

YOU NEED THE BREAKS in BOXING

The story behind the Gavilan-Graham bout in Havana for the world welterweight championship



By BILLY GRAHAM

I WAS happy when I finally got my opportunity to meet Kid Gavilan for the world welterweight championship in Havana. Someone has said that hope deferred maketh the heart sick. Well, I had been hoping for that bout for a long time and the wait seemed like years.

I am 30 years of age now and that makes me a ring veteran. While it sounded good to hear myself hailed as "the uncrowned welterweight champion" during the months preceding the Havana match, the praise didn't help me bring home "the bacon."

That's why I am anxious to get three or more big money shots. The rising cost of living has proved a tougher opponent than some of those who gave me trouble in the ring. I want my wife and two grand youngsters, to have the best that I can get for them.

Understand now, I am not beefing. The fight game has been good to me, but I do think that I have had my share of unfortunate breaks.

Let's consider that Havana match. My friends in my home town of New York City would have liked to see me meet Gavilan on my home grounds. Fighting in Havana placed me in much the same position as Battling Siki, the light-heavyweight champion, when he fought Mike McTigue, of County Clare, Ireland, on St. Patrick's Day in 1923 in Dublin.

Incidentally, there was a story behind my Havana defeat by Kid Gavilan. I wasn't talking before the fight, but I suffered severe abdominal pains on Friday and Saturday before the bout. My family insisted on a postponement, but I overruled them.

THAT was an occasion when Siki didn't get any the best of it in his bout with the Irishman. Well, I didn't get any the best of it in my last New York bout with Gavilan, in so far as the decision was concerned, and I didn't figure I'd be any luckier when I met Gavilan on his home ground, Havana.

A physician discovered an incipient hernia which



Billy Graham and his attractive wife Lorraine at a dance. Billy is well liked and has a happy home life.



Billy delivers a right cross to Gavilan in fight in 1951. He would have preferred to have met Gavilan in 1952 fight on his own grounds.

I had not known about.

One of the writers was of the opinion that whether I conceded it or not, the hernia must have had something to do with my timing of right hand punches and other tactical weaknesses that were apparent in my defeat.

Many factors are involved in the results of fights. Back in 1947, my brother and I were polishing an automobile. He accidentally slammed the door of the

car on my left hand. I kept quiet about it. I felt that if I had shown the hand to a doctor he would have put it in a cast and I would have been unable to box for several months. The swelling subsided and I took a tune-up bout with Patsy Brandino after signing for a good money match with Beau Jack in February, 1948. I broke the hand in the Brandino bout and the lucrative Beau Jack bout was lost to me.

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HAPPY Anniversary DARLING!

He didn't know that Helen had a new and fatal way of remembering dates

By JOHN F. HUGDINS

HENRY MATHIAS had difficulty maneuvering the car through the jumble of late afternoon traffic. His hands felt wet and sticky on the wheel, and his mind refused to concentrate on the problems that the heavy traffic presented. Henry had a much more demanding problem to think about. Today was his tenth wedding anniversary, and the day he had chosen to murder Helen, his wife.

The hammer in his overcoat pocket nudged him uncomfortably, but he ignored it. His mind was on Helen. Had she known of his plan, she would have appreciated his choice of days. It would give him something to remember their wedding anniversary by.

Henry had a fanatical attitude about remembering dates. The day they had met . . . their first dance together . . . the day they became engaged . . . the day he was operated on for appendicitis. She remembered them all, and nagged him constantly because he made no effort to do so.

"You know what happened five years ago today, Henry?"

"No, dear." He had long since quit trying to remember.

"Henry, how could you forget the day we attended our first concert? June the sixth, nineteen forty-four? Dates are so easy to remember if you'll just connect them with something."

She connected them with everything. The number of pictures on the living room walls counted out her birthday . . . Four-five-two-two . . . April the fifth, nineteen-twenty-two. The number of shrubs in the yard was a date; the number of brick houses in the block was a date; the house number was a date. Henry wondered how she kept them separated. It seemed so stupid to him. All she would have to do is write them in a book. But Helen enjoyed her system.

HER date-mania was only one thing about her that he despised. She treated him like a child; made him feel like he must rely on her for everything. She was cold. She had looked warm and womanish before

they married, but he had found out differently.

She had been up at the same time he needed a real woman's affection. That was probably the reason he had fallen in love with Grace. Grace was warm. Grace never remembered a date. Grace thought him smart and manly. Grace would marry him when Helen was out of the way.

For the hundredth time that day, Henry mentally checked his plan for murder. He had finished the bomb two nights before and had hidden it in the basement. He had taken it out and placed the bomb in the furnace. To the world it would be simply a matter of a faulty oil furnace blowing up. The nasty part would be knocking her unconscious with the hammer. He knew the exact spot in the hall that was directly over the furnace. When the bomb exploded there wouldn't be enough left of her for an autopsy.

Henry had risen from repairman to vice president of the Holland Electric Corporation, and his knowledge of electricity had enabled him to construct a bomb that would explode without a trace. The timing device, usually a clock, was the old one that trapped most bomb murderers, but Henry had eliminated the timing device. Two wires hooked to the telephone and connected to the bomb. When the phone rang, the bomb would explode.

The honk of a horn brought Henry's mind back to the traffic. He had almost side swiped a truck. He forced himself to concentrate on the road.

HENRY, do you know what day this is?" Helen's voice greeted him as he entered the house.

"Yes, dear. It's our wedding anniversary. You see,

I can remember dates."

"Well, it's the first one you've remembered in a long while. You have no system, Henry. I have worked out a perfectly darling plan for remembering our ann . . ."

"Not now, dear," Henry interrupted. "I have a surprise for you. Close your eyes and count to twenty." He shoved his hand into his overcoat pocket and gripped the hammer.

Helen's smile reminded him of the kind an adult

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Henry's wife loved remembering dates and figures. Now she is counting to twenty—for a surprise—her number is up!



Opening the gate to practice lot, Yvonne pauses for her entrance.

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Kneeling, tensing muscles, Yvonne becomes imploring.

Yvonne Doughty sends 'em in
this wild French version of
the traditional "Apache" dance

ALTHOUGH the French Apache dance is primarily free and improvised, compared with other dance forms, it nevertheless requires exacting discipline and gracefulness. In spite of the casual abandon of the dance itself, extraordinary coordination and muscular agility are needed.

Yvonne Doughty is an example of a superb apache dancer. Combining youth and beauty with wonderful muscular, she effects her movements with such skill that she has become a famous night club entertainer.

Yvonne's face is not only lovely to look at, but it is also capable of portraying different shades of emotion from de-
mure coquetry to ferocious abandon.

The dance symbolizes fight, climaxed with an embrace.

33

APACHE DANCING GIRL



Top, Yvonne expresses coquetry and anger; below, she demonstrates body control.



Her muscles taut, Yvonne rehearses one of the dance's movements.



Queen Christina of Sweden, whose numerous and torrid love affairs with both men and women shocked Europe of the Seventeenth Century.

Queen Christina would like to have been

THREE is no more pitiful person than the man or woman who—because of ugliness, a feeling of inferiority, or some other reason—is unable to achieve romance on his or her personal merits, but instead must pay for love.

Perhaps the most tragic of such persons was Christina, Queen of Sweden, born in 1626. She had abdicated of her own free choice at the age of twenty-eight. Ugly, sallow-featured, and physically deformed, Christina sought love desperately throughout her life, but seldom found it, though she paid and paid.

A woman in body and at heart, she would actually have preferred to be a man. Since this was denied her, she frequently dressed in male clothing, traveling about Europe under such aliases as "Count

a man because she was so ugly, but she was a normal woman, seeking happiness

Dohna" and indulging in innumerable love affairs. Due to her unnatural upbringing—she was reared as a boy and was crowned "King" instead of "Queen" of Sweden since the idea of a female ruler was abhorrent at that time—she indulged in love affairs with members of both sexes, although she greatly preferred men. Her debaucheries scandalized Sweden and all of Europe.

The story of Christina's excesses is best summed up in a report published in 1697—eight years after her death of syphilis of the lungs at the age of 63—which notes scathingly:

"She so much loved her Pleasure that she showed no Limits in the Enjoying of It, and would Demean herself so greatly as to be Familiar with many of her Officers. Her Domesticks, who would take all sorts of Liberties with both Sexes, were often Doubtful of their own"

YEAT, in many other ways, Christina was as austere as sexually she was licentious. She never touched alcohol in any form, drinking only water. She ate the simplest of food and was indifferent about her cloth-

ing. She worked prodigiously—sleeping only four hours a night—and became a great ruler, greatly strengthening Sweden's position as a world power. She probably abdicated in order to be able to live her own life in her own unconventional way.

Here is the story of Christina and some of her strange loves.

Her strange fate dogged her from the start. She may have had some glandular unbalance, for she was born with her entire torso covered with thick hair, while her voice was so "strong and harsh" that the ladies in attendance thought she was a boy.

Both her father, King Gustavus Adolphus, and her mother were terribly disappointed to learn that she was actually a girl. The King determined that she would receive the education of a man, while the Queen tried to kill the ugly child by staging a series of seeming "accidents"—she dropped the baby many times and arranged for workmen to let a beam of wood fall on her. Her left shoulder was smashed in one of these "accidents," and was set so badly that it always re-

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After abdication, Christina maintained a court in Rome and Paris. She gave banquets and pursued youths while living with a girl named Sybil.



The QUEEN WHO PAID FOR Love

By GERALD FINNEGAN



NO COLLATERAL

The success of a crime and a boy's life depended on how the banker handled the \$200,000 loan

By WILLIAM SAMBROT

"MR. MESSNER will see you now, Mr. Smyth." The secretary held open the heavy door on which was lettered, "H. R. Messner, Pres." Smiling expansively, Mr. Smyth, carrying a large new briefcase, walked briskly in, one well-manicured hand extended toward Mr. Messner, president of the Cattlemen's Bank. "Smyth is the name," he boomed. "Jonathan A.

Mr. Messner half rose and took the hand. "Sorry I can't give you more than a minute or two," he said, eyeing Smyth curiously. "But your unexpected call—you understand. Other appointments—

"Quite all right." Smyth waved his hand, wailing until the secretary shut the door, then abruptly he leaned forward, his face suddenly hard.

"I'm not here to waste your time or mine, Mr. Messner," he purred. "I'm here to ask a loan—a rather

large loan. But I'm sure, once you know the facts, you'll be glad to cooperate."

Messner sank back and regarded him thoughtfully. He clasped big capable hands on the desk before him and nodded. "I don't believe I've met you before, Mr. —Smyth." There was a question in his voice. "What business?"

Smyth smiled, a flinty glint in his eyes. "I'm—retired." He brought out his wallet and extracted a check from it. He shoved it across the shining desk. "All I ask of you, sir, is that you endorse that check and give it you okay."

Messner picked it up, somewhat gingerly. His eyebrows climbed; his lips puckered in a soundless whistle.

"Two hundred thousand dollars," Mr. Smyth said smoothly.

"This check is made out to you—and on our bank."

Messner said slowly. "I don't understand your purposes, Mr. Smyth, but that is most unusual. I would hardly endorse this check to you—I don't even know you, let alone your business connections." He sucked at his teeth, staring at the check. "In effect, you are asking me to give you a sum of two hundred thousand dollars—and even without mention of collateral!"

"I have collateral," Smyth said gently.

"Glad to hear it," Messner replied. "Would you mind telling me what it is?"

"Gladly," Smyth said. "Your son."

"My—" Messner came suddenly erect. "Did you say—?"

"Your son," Smyth put in thinly. "He attends Black Point Military Academy in California." He made a little sign with his hand as Messner, face purpling, began to interrupt.

"We've done a great deal of research on you, Messner. We know you have an only son, that he is fourteen and visits you about twice a year. My—shall I say—business partner?—called on him, explaining he was your personal representative." He smiled coldly. "He then took your son to a designated spot where he will be held until such time as I phone from another designated spot at a pre-determined time, that you have—okayed, shall we say? this loan."

"RANSOM!" Messner's big hand tightened into a fist. "Kidnapping! There's a death penalty for that, Smyth or whoever you are—did you know that? They hang you for that."

"I'm here to ask a loan—a rather large loan," he purred. "But I'm sure, once you know the facts, you'll be glad to cooperate."

"My dear sir," Smyth said. "All I'm asking you to do is make out the necessary papers stating that a sum has been loaned one Jonathan A. Smyth in the amount of two hundred thousand dollars. You will then endorse this check and follow me to the teller's window. I want one hundred fifty thousand to be in thousand dollar bills. The rest will be in hundreds." He smiled. "I'm sure that with you there personally, there should be no cause for question or delay."

"Mr. Messner," Smyth jerked as the inter-office communications speaker came to life.

"Yes," Messner flicked the button.

"Mr. Adams, sir. He has a five o'clock appointment." "I'm sorry—I can see no one else this clear. I want to see you, sir. Please hold." He flicked the button.

"Now you're acting sensibly," Smyth said.

Messner stared at him for long, silent seconds. His eyes flickered. He nodded grimly.

"I want to assure you that I am acting sensibly," Messner said. He leaned back. "You see, whenever an unknown enters this office, my secretaries wait a reasonable length of time and then call, informing me Mr. Adams is here. That's code, Mr. Smyth, for 'is everything okay?'" Smyth came erect, glaring at Messner. "The answer was no, that something very bad had woken up." Messner pointed a bony finger toward them. "There are some very tough people walking outside that door. One way or another—they'll get you. It's three stories down to the sidewalk if you feel like jumping."

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MY WEEK OF HELL ON SNIPER RIDGE

(Continued from page 8)
too. "The man says take it, you take it. That's all you got to know."

I WAS standing near the hatch and I could see ahead of me the line of tanks like gray and steel-skinned animals with cannon-barrel snouts and tractor legs. "We're in support of the Rocks," I told the private. He was a green one. "And we got to get them ridges. If the Chinese put just one dent in the line we'd have to haul back all along the front."

The lieutenant was heading our way again and I got ready to close the hatch. But before I did I took a good look forward. The Kumbwa ridges are the heart of the central front. The U. N. lines stretch along through miles of rocky peaks and shallow valleys. Only four miles north is the Communist stronghold on jagged Mount Osong. They've massed their artillery up there and their big guns can lob shells into our lines as easy as tossing apples. Under cover of that kind of pitching the Chinese can move ahead to new positions dominating our lines. That's exactly what they did. They had moved into a group of secondary peaks.

We call the hill on the west Triangle. Pike's Peak is that blunt, blue-shaded pile of rock north of it. Farther west, just visible in the dawn haze is Twin Peaks. Those miserable hunks of shale and stunted trees were the objective of an American division. The troops had already started crawling toward them. We could tell how close they were getting by the way the big guns on the enemy side had stepped up their firing. Those shells were whistling and echoing up and down the valley. They had terrific firepower.

TO the east was the hazy bulk of Sniper Ridge. Beyond it to the northwest was a clump of knobby, bald-headed hills called the Yoke. The Republic of Korea forces—Rocks, we call them—had drawn the assignment to take Sniper. Our U. S. tank battalion was going along with them to cover the advance with our cannon.

The lieutenant was motioning toward us and I took hold of the locking gear on the hatch. "Get going!" he shouted.

I relayed the order to the sergeant and the diesel whine of our engine suddenly increased. The

other buggies had already started to lurch ahead. I remember thinking: they look like elephants without legs crawling on their iron bellies and with their trunks stiffened out in front of them.

The sergeant said: "Give her quarter ahead! Get that damn hatch down!"

I locked the hatch. We were on the way!

You couldn't see much out of the observation ports. Just the terrain ahead—just enough to steer by. You couldn't see any of the Rocks. They were taking all the cover they could get. They had their rifles at the ready and they were waiting for the trouble to start.

I couldn't see the sun. You almost never do anyway in that mountain country. But it must have been just above the horizon and angling onto the eastern side of the hills. All we got of it was the slow lifting of the hazy darkness. That was just enough to show us the route. It showed us to the Chinese too. They started pelting us with everything they had.

THE Rocks were pretty well pinned and we brought our buggies up close and got the cannons going. We were firing at an angle, raking the top of the ridge, and the recoil was almost knocking us out of this world. Some guys like the smell of burnt powder and cordite. For the next half an hour they sniffed plenty of it. Our artillery was bearing on the ridge top, too, and the high-explosive stuff was tearing up patches of stone. I don't know how anything could live up there. Or down where we were either.

It went like that for about an hour. And it was full daylight when our section finally reached one of those sloping gullies cut into the hillside by the rains and thaws. The Rocks went up under cover of our cannon. You wouldn't think they had it bad because they kept going. But it was bad. Every gain cost a lot of lives. They kept on going though. They kept on fighting and gaining and dying.

I was watching them when the shell hit us.

It wasn't a direct hit. It couldn't have been. It must have been a crease or a ricochet. But it whammed against the port side like a sledge hammer. Everything jumped to starboard and for a moment there was the sickening feeling of being trapped and falling. Men were moaning and I knew some of them were hurt bad. I heard the

sergeant's voice but it came from a long way off. When I shook the fog out of my head and looked around I thought I was on the bottom of a junk heap. And it was getting hard to breathe. The air was bitter. It speared at my eyes and clawed against my lungs.

"Hatch!" the sergeant was saying. "Hatch! Quick!"

I didn't know whether I had all my legs and arms but I didn't stop to check. I stumbled toward the hatch and hit the release. Then I stood up and shoved it open. The clear, cold air was like a punch in the face.

THERE was monoxide in the tank. A lot of it. We had to get out fast. I boosted myself up on top and reached down for the first pair of shoulders. The sergeant stayed in there, gasping and cursing, pulling the crew toward the hatch while I heaved them up and into the air.

We all got out. Two men were stretcher cases and we laid them in the lee of our wrecked buggy. There was pretty good cover and they could wait for the medics. I guess we all wanted to stay right there and wait for the medics. But it didn't work out that way. The other tanks had gone ahead with their infantry groups and there was no chance of reaching them. Our cannon was knocked out so there was no use standing by with it. If we hung where we were we'd be cut off and isolated. There was only one place we could go and that was up.

The sergeant figured it all out and then gave us the bad news. "Okay," he said, "we'll walk." He assigned one man to stay with the wounded and then he started around the tanks, crouching, and we followed him.

I kept to the left side of the gully and I took a rifle out of a dead Rock's hands. By the time I'd traveled 20 feet I realized I was alone. It was every man for himself. I took cover from the brush and slate heaps and headed toward the top of Sniper Ridge. It was like crawling straight through the gates of hell.

But I kept going.

THERE was a lot of rifle fire and, sometimes, the whoosh and plunk of mortars from a flat shelf about a mile to the left. I cut away from the gully—it was too good a target anyway—and started climbing. The Rocks up ahead must have had the same idea and when I

caught up with them they were storming forward under cover of their own automatic weapons. Our artillery had been touted off the crest by then.

I don't know how many Chinese there were on that shelf. Maybe a company. And there were squads and companies on the other flats. The Rocks had committed a division and they needed it because half a dozen men can hold a high spot against a thousand. But you got to get them if you keep moving up. And you got to move up over the bodies of the men who were ahead of you. We moved up.

The mortars were the worst. I guess every soldier hates the mortars. They toss those high-angle shells like grapes out of a slingshot. And the concussion can cave you in the way an empty barrel breaks when you jump on it. I saw some of the Rocks get it. I was lucky. I didn't get it.

We kept going and we clawed our way onto that shelf. After the mortars were knocked out it was a breeze and we hit the top of the ridge in a solid wave moving behind a screen of rifle fire and grenade bursts. The only Chinese still on that part of the ridge were dead.

AFTER we cleaned out that section of the ridge we dug in. I figured the show as pretty well over and I looked around for the sergeant and the rest of the tank crew. I didn't find them but I met up with an American artillery spotter. He had a walkie-talkie and he was relaying ranges back to our guns. He wanted to know what the hell I was doing on Sniper and I told him.

"Can you get me some orders?" I asked.

"No," he said. "You better stick with this outfit until the area is secured."

"What's over on Triangle?" I said.
"It's tough going there."

The big shells from our guns were sailing past us again and they were softening up the hills we call the Yoke. They worked it over the rest of the day and that night we took it hand to hand in the darkness with the flares over us and the rifle flashes blooming like orange lanterns.

Action is the closest you can get to a nightmare. You're in trouble and you can't do anything about it. And you never wake up. I don't know how we took the Yoke that night. All I remember is the black night and the invisible guns and the men moving. And the thundering rifle and grenade blasts. And

the flares out ahead of us. The time passes as if your nerves are watch springs and every second ticks away in your guts.

There were the times of day and night. The times of moving and stopping. And the times of hunger and field rations. There wasn't any thinking and not much talking. Time got to be something that had passed and gone. And we never figured there was any more time ahead.

BY the calendar, though, there were seven days and seven nights. In those 168 hours the Rocks got a good hold on Sniper Ridge. They took Pinpoint Hill and, on the east, Little Finger Ridge. The blunt knobs of the Yoke were tougher to hold. We took it that first night and the night after that we lost it. The Chinese moved up without a sound, maybe 50 of them in an assault party, and we couldn't stop them. We couldn't even see

them until they began firing and throwing grenades. There wasn't any line, and then, they had pushed past us and all we could do was fall back to a natural barrier and put up a screen of lead. But when the dawn came we went right back onto the Yoke.

Seven days. Seven nights. I won't say anything about the casualties. And nothing about the way the wounded looked. Take my word for it, that was a bad week. But the Rocks held Sniper and the hills to the west. And when I came down from there to regroup, an American liaison officer told me the U.S. division had secured Triangle Ridge.

"It took them two days to get up there," he said.

"How was it?"
"Well, they took it," he said.
"How long you been on Sniper?"

"Seven days," I said. "Seven days of hell."

THE END

■ THE BLACK EAGLE CAME HOME ■

(Continued from page 13)

Under Chamberlain's tutelage, Julian became really expert and daring as a parachute jumper. Saturday after Saturday, he climbed out of Chamberlain's ship over Harlem with a great advertising banner for some merchant waving in his arms. In addition to earning cash, he earned a high prestige in Harlem. Quick to sense the smile of destiny, he had his cards engraved:

Col. Hubert Fauntleroy Julian,
M.D.

World's Greatest Parachute Jumper.

He explained that the "M.D." meant "Mechanical Designer."

Furthermore, he invented the Saxophonoparachutapareresistanceman — a motored 'chute that enabled him to play spirited airs while drifting slowly to earth at great fates.

The new sensation's 'chuting triumphs were marred by one particularly untoward circumstance that occurred in New York City. On November 26, 1923, some 25,000



people stampeded traffic for blocks around West 123rd Street police station in Harlem when Julian parachuted from a plane piloted by Chamberlain and landed on the police station roof. Tangled in the parachute rigging, Julian dangled over an area between the station house and the next building. He was hauled into the station house, uninjured.

PREVIOUSLY in the year, he had made a vain attempt to land in St. Nicholas Park while advertising a department store. Instead, he struck a roof and the crowds that gathered wrecked part of a postal sub-station nearby. Arrested, Col. Julian was put on probation by a City magistrate not to repeat the attempt for six months. Two days after the period expired, he jumped.

Veteran observers of the "Eagle's" daring jumps still recall the sight of Col. Julian floating to the earth in red tights, as he played the saxophone.

His next grandiose project was to be an epoch-making trans-Atlantic flight from New York City to Liberia, "for the advancement of aviation." This was, indeed, an ambitious project for the adventurous birdman. He actually had but little aviation experience and that was near the end of World War I, when he enlisted in the Canadian Army Air Corps.

The flight was originally scheduled for the Fourth of July, 1924.

Time passed, including the Fourth of July, 1924, as the "Black Eagle" mulled over his future plans. Enthusiastic well-wishers continued to mail him money to meet expenses for his Liberia flight.

On one warm afternoon, Julian was conversing with his friend Chamberlain in the New Jersey workshop. A dignified stranger cast his shadow at the door and asked for Col. Julian. After the "Eagle" had graciously identified himself, the visitor said:

"To accept money in the mail for your projected trans-Atlantic flight without going through with it is a serious Federal offense."

The stranger also had identified himself as a Government man.

"How much money have you got?" asked Chamberlain of Julian.

"About \$9,300," answered the now perturbed "Black Eagle."

"You'd better buy that plane and make that flight," advised Chamberlain.

On April 19, 1930, Col. Hubert Fauntleroy Julian, wearing a pale blue aviator's jacket and leather helmet in matching color, whip-cord aviator's trousers stuff-

ed into highly polished and spurred boots, stood by a rickety looking plane which rested at the well-publicized take-off spot at the East River basin in New York City. Near the nose of the white plane was lettered: "Ethiopia I." Ethiopia and not Liberia was to be the destination. Three pieces of luggage were to be carried. They were labeled: "Tropical," "Arctic" and "Rainy Weather."

In no undue haste to take off, Col. Julian made repeated requests for take-off information from his friend Chamberlain. As Col. Julian was about to climb into the cockpit, a rude, blustery fellow, waving a piece of paper, ran up to him and told the "Eagle" that he couldn't fly away without paying the balance of the sum owed on the plane.

A friend of Julian's named St. George, garbed in a brilliant military costume of no known nation, passed the hat through the dense throng of hero-worshippers and the needed money was soon collected. The moment had arrived for the history-making flight.

The crowd roared as the plane nosed up for a few hundred yards, then dove into the waters of the East River. It bobbed up to the surface and Col. Julian was rescued, sickish but otherwise unhurt. He was taken to a hospital. One of his visitors was the dignified gentleman from the Government who had warned him to make the flight, or else. After assuring the frustrated hero that he had fulfilled his part of the bargain, the gent placed a bundle of roses at Julian's bedside and left the hospital room.

A short time after the East River fiasco, Col. Julian was invited to Ethiopia to display his parachuting talents at the coronation of Halle Salissi, Ras Tafari, Light of the World, Lion of Judah and Emperor of Ethiopia.

Col. Julian accepted the invitation with alacrity. Soon afterwards, he was the most colorful personality in Addis Ababa. He was the center of attraction at several diplomatic gatherings. Clad in a uniform he had designed for himself in keeping with his standing as an officer in Ethiopia's Air Force, he was easily identified, even in a large crowd. He wore a pith helmet, a pink silk polo shirt, white breeches with green stripes and deerkin boots, especially fashioned in Paris. They were equipped with spurs that jangled as he walked.

WHAT seemed to be a minor incident, insofar as Col. Julian was concerned, occurred during a

rehearsal for the coronation ceremonies. Halle Salissi had four planes, all obsolete, but useable. He also owned a Little Moth which was his most cherished possession. No one flew the Moth. It was the Emperor's personal toy. It was to be looked at and to be kept on the ground:

The "Black Eagle" took it up and crashed, demolishing the Moth and narrowly escaping death, himself. The Emperor was not amused. In fact, he seriously considered giving Col. Julian his walking papers.

All was forgiven when, before 50,000 thrilled Ethiopians, Col. Julian "clutched to within 50 feet of the Lion of Judah's throne at the Addis Ababa airport on coronation day.

"So delighted was the King," said Julian, "that he climbed down most unprecedently from his throne, slapped me on the back, swore me in as a citizen and pinned the Menelik medal for bravery on my chest and gave me \$5,000 in cash."

After the coronation, Col. Julian's career as a citizen of Ethiopia became less and less attractive to the colorful Harlemite. On December 14, 1935 the "Black Eagle" arrived in New York aboard the liner Aquitania.

"I have shaken the dust of Ethiopia off my feet," he told reporters.

DRessed in a black morning coat and fancy vest, with light grey, striped trousers, black shoes, pearl grey spats, Ascot tie, bowler and beaver overcoat, plus a slight Oxford accent, he swung his ivory-handled cane as he related the details of the lack of discipline in Ethiopia. He was quick, however, to explain that there was no personal dislike on his part for the Emperor of Ethiopia.

"You can prove the logicability of that by sending a cable at my expense," he assured the news men.

Later that night, he addressed a large crowd in Harlem.

"From the streets of New York to a brotherhood with kings," he declared, "is a career that can be pursued with success by all who are within the sound of my voice tonight."

Concluding his speech, he confided:

"I consider will-power and personality the alpha and omega of my success."

On September 20, 1939, the New York Times reporter wrote:

"Col. Hubert Fauntleroy Julian, irrepressible 'Black Eagle' of Harlem, has a new idea that transcends all of his projected flights

and schemes of the past. Early this month, he sailed to Europe to be a "war correspondent" for the Amsterdam News (a Harlem newspaper). At that time he said to the news boys:

"Now, don't you boys call me Colonel anymore. I'm just one of the boys now."

"Today, on the liner Manhattan, he said that he was in New York to raise \$1,000,000 to send to France 2,000 nurses, 200 surgeons, 50 pilots and ten hospital planes, all pilots to be Negroes."

This grandiose scheme never was consummated.

After World War II started, the "Black Eagle" challenged Herman Göring to a duel in Messerschmitts at 10,000 feet over the English Channel. "We'll see who is the biggest baboon," declared Col. Julian. Göring ignored the challenge.

After selling used cars in Harlem for two years, Julian enlisted in the U.S. Army and was appointed an Air Corps sergeant in the U.S.

IN 1949, he learned that the Guatemalan government was in the market for arms. He flew to that country and informed its officials that he could buy "anything from boots to an atomic bomb."

According to the Col., in the past three years he has bought in Italy, Switzerland and Spain, and sold to Guatemala forty .50-calibre machine guns, six half-tracks, 3,000 pairs of boots, 20 bullet-proof vests, trucks, jeeps, rifles, bazookas and ammunition. He netted almost \$200,000, too.

He tipped the barbers in Guatemala City's Palace Hotel \$5 for a 75-cent haircut, but the happy days came to an end when the Guatemalans, nettled by his revelations of his dealing with them, terminated their agreement with him late in last October.

Now 55 years of age, but "all bone and muscle," according to himself, Col. Julian has taken the Guatemalan reverse in stride.

He once remarked that:

"I want to prove that science and good will go hand in hand, and make the world a more fundamental place in which to live."

It must be agreed that the world is not only a more fundamental place, but a richer and more pleasant place because of Col. Hubert Fauntleroy Julian, the "Black Eagle" of Harlem.

May he continue to prosper in the future in the same measure as he has entertained the many thousands of less imaginative mortals.

THE END

NO COLLATERAL

(Continued from page 28)

SMYTH'S knuckles whitened on the briefcase. "You're not playing it smart, Messner. We have your son. If I fail to make that call at the designated time and place—your son dies."

Messner nodded. "Stalemate. You have my son, but I have you." He pointed to the telephone. "If you aren't lying—if you really have my son, pick up that phone and get in touch with your contact. Tell him that when my son phones me, personally, from the academy that he's all right, I'll then turn you over and charge you only with attempted extortion. Otherwise—"

Smyth's lips curled. "Are you crazy? Do you want your son killed?" He leaned forward, balancing the empty briefcase on his lap, his thin lips protruding viciously. "Get it through your head, mister—we've got your kid. If I don't call—he dies, mister. He dies."

For answer, Messner flicked the inter-com. "Is Mr. Adams still waiting, Mary?"

"Yes sir—ready and waiting," her calm voice answered. Smyth's jaw tightened and a tiny pulse flickered there.

Messner leaned back, his face set but emotionless. "Let me put you straight, Mr. Jonathan A—for anonymous, presumably—Smyth. You have my son. That's kidnapping. The death penalty is mandatory in this state—and in California—for kidnapping. I have you. If you don't believe me, try to get away. You see, Mr. Smyth, you may have checked on me, but you should have checked on the bank. We've been held up three times in five years. We've gotten tired of it." He smiled tightly. "As a consequence, we have a whole series of elaborate precautions worked out. You've seen one of them in action. There are others."

SMYTH shook his head in bewilderment. "I don't get it, man. Your kid dies if I don't phone—Understand? Dies!"

"Then so will you," Messner said



Non!, Nein!, Niet!, Ochi!, Nada!

softly. "Get that—so will you."

Instantly Smyth's hand darted into the briefcase and came up with a wicked little snub-nosed .38. "Pull one fast and you get this—right now."

Messner shook his head. "You could kill me now—but you'll never get outside this room alive. They'll trace your movements—and they'll find my son eventually—but you'll be dead."

"And so will you," Smyth whispered. "Use your head. It's no money out of your pocket anyway, if you endorse that check."

Messner's hands opened and fell on the desk solidly. "Believe me, fellow, no matter if I wanted to cash that check for you and let you go, I couldn't. It's out of my hands, now—" The phone buzzed stridently at his elbow. Ignoring the gun, Messner picked it up.

"Yes, everything's all right so far," he said into it, not blinking at the .38 pointed unwaveringly at his heart. "Proceed according to the plan. It's all we can do." He hung up.

"WE'LL work it this way," Smyth stood up, the gun centered on Messner's chest. "Just get in front of me and we'll go out of here—together." He waved the gun gently, motioning for him to step around the desk. Messner shook his head pityingly.

"You'd never get through the hall," he murmured. "Even if I asked them not to shoot from the hid-

den peepholes—you'd still never get away—the police must be outside the bank by now."

The sweat began pouring down Smyth's face, his eyes darted from side to side.

"Well?" Messner stared coolly at him. "I'm willing to go—if you still insist." He pushed the phone across the desk. "Believe me, an attempted extortion charge isn't too bad—not when your own death is the alternative. Why be a fall guy?"

Smyth jammed the gun forward, teeth biting into his lips, his face shiny with sweat. His finger tightened on the trigger. Messner straightened a little, his hands limp on the desk. They remained that way for long seconds. Suddenly the gun sagged in his hand. His face crumpled.

"It's crazy," Smyth whispered. "Who could have figured a deal like this?" His mouth turned down bitterly. "I'm nuts—but so help me—I believe you. You've got me over a barrel."

"I've got you—over a barrel, as you say, Smyth," Messner said tiredly. "Do you exchange that gun for this phone?" He held out one big hand. After a moment, Smyth sullenly dropped the .38 into it. Messner obligingly spun the phone around so the dial faced him. While Smyth growled into the phone Messner thoughtfully broke the gun, checked the bullets and snapped it shut again. Then he flicked on the inter-com, meanwhile holding the gun pointed squarely at Smyth's bobbing adam's apple.

"MARY," he said calmly. "Send in two guards immediately. Also, get me my son's academy as soon as possible. And, oh yes, get Nelson back on the phone. He sounded confused a moment ago."

The two burly bank guards showed up before Smyth's call got through. Their eyes popped when they saw the gun in Messner's hands. He waved it casually at Smyth while he explained in terse sentences what had happened.

"Take him into the other room," he told them. "Make certain he finishes that call—meanwhile, get in touch with the police." He handed them the gun and pressed a button on the desk as they shoved Smyth into the other room. A moment later his secretary opened the door.

"Mr. Messner can see you now, Mr. Adams," she said, holding the heavy door again.

"Thanks, Mary," a thin, bald-headed little man said, striding quickly in. There was a slight frown on his face as he shook Messner's hand. "I thought you were going to keep this hour free so we could go over the Nelson matter, Harry," he said severely. He glanced at his watch. "What could be so important that you'd keep me cooling my heels out there all this time?"

"A matter of—a large loan, Frank," Messner said slowly.

Adams' sparse brows climbed. "Say, you're sweating like a horse! What's wrong—deal fall through?"

"It fell through," Messner said. "No collateral."

THE CASE OF THE PICKLED PORK

(Continued from page 15)

Meat was equally scarce.

Not only did Sully serve genuine roasted coffee at his table, but while most inns and cafes served ham and sometimes corned beef, Sully was known far and wide for his ample helpings of pickled pork. The stage drivers would often delay their arrival at Independence just to partake of this unusual delicacy.

The first thing Richmond did on arriving at The Meadows was to order one of these famous meals. While he dined, he questioned the innkeeper. Had any strangers passed through here in the last month or so? Sure. Did he know who they were? No. Had one of them been riding a black horse? Yes. Do you know his name? No!

"How long did he stay?" Richmond asked.

"He stayed overnight," Sully said. "He stayed at your inn and you didn't get his name?" the detective asked.

"You don't need no name to stay here," Sully answered. "I mind my own business, mister. Reckon I can't say the same thing for you."

RICHMOND figured that ended the interview, and he finished his meal and left. He sauntered around the meadow on his way out, but found nothing that provided a clue to Nye's mysterious disappearance. To the detective the investigation had taken on the distinct proportions of a wild goose chase. After all, the men could have been killed by Indians. The Paiutes were still picking off a prospector now and then. Nevertheless, it was odd that eight men had vanished without a single trace. He decided to chase down one last clue.

In 1863 a syndicate of road agents had sprung up between Tucson and Los Angeles. As these two cities were believed to be the outlets for the stolen goods of the syndicate's victims, Richmond sent a man to

Los Angeles and started himself for Tucson in the hope of finding some of the property of the missing men.

Three weeks later, near Gila Bend, his horse threw a shoe and he stopped at a stage station to get it fixed. As his mount was worn out, he arranged to trade it for a fresh one. He had hardly gotten out of sight of the station when he noticed something peculiar about the horse's coat. The animal was plainly brown, but in spots the color was beginning to rub off.

Painting stolen horses was an uncommon practice, and Richmond would have thought nothing of it, except that the hair he found beneath the paint was coal-black. The detective hurried back to the station and questioned the former owner.

"Where did you get this horse?" he asked him.

"Bought it from a fellow who was passin' through to the East," the keeper answered.

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"Have any idea who he was?" Richmond knew the answer without asking.

"Nope. Just a stranger. Never seen him before."

"Know where he came from?"

"Wal, seems like he mighta' come from Cerro Gordo. I don't know, though. Lotta fellows comin' through here."

That was enough for Richmond. He turned around and plodded wearily back to California.

CERRO Gordo was one of richest silver strikes in the state, and the detective found the town overflowing with excited miners. To find the owner of the painted horse seemed well nigh impossible. Fortunately, the man he had sent to Los Angeles had found Nye's rifle there in a little Mexican trading post. The Mexican claimed he bought it from a livery stable operator in Cerro Gordo. The two detectives lost no time in hunting up the stable owner.

The man recognized the rifle, and as most of the paint had rubbed off the horse by now, he easily identified it as one he had bought from a stranger a few months before. The trouble was, he just couldn't seem to remember what the stranger looked like. No amount of questioning seemed to sharpen his memory. Even a small offering of gold coin was greeted with abject scorn.

Detective Richmond was a man not easily discouraged, but for him this was the last straw. There was nothing left to do but round up his men and head back to the Governor with the report of his failure. After all, the Governor's brother wasn't the first man to disappear in the country and he wouldn't be the last. The people of Independence were of the same feeling, and soon after Richmond's departure, the incident was forgotten. It might have been forgotten forever, but for a feisty little doctor by the name of Clarence B. Liston.

Dr. Liston was a new arrival in Independence, and as he was the only sawbones in the camp, he had soon developed a very considerable practice. Hardly a day went by that some miner didn't need a pistol ball dug out of his thigh, and in between such surgery the good doctor was kept busy ministering to the many cases of dysentery. He soon ran out of the necessary medicines and, as few drugs were available in Los Angeles, he sent a hurried dispatch to St. Louis.

THIS doctor was a cautious man and he began to doubt the safety of his supplies in the hands of the clumsy stage drivers. He was soon convinced that his medicine bottles would never reach Independence in an unbroken state. Too, the stage route from Los Angeles was of the roughest imaginable sort.



"Gee, Algernon, thanks—I've always wanted a book!"

Dr. Liston decided to go there and wait for his supplies. When they arrived, he would personally escort them into Independence and protect them from the hazardous and bumpy journey.

All went according to schedule and Liston was soon on his way back to the camp with his precious bundle. However, somewhere along the way one of the horses went lame and the stage was forced to limp into the stage station at Hayway Meadows. As it was nearly nightfall by then, the passengers decided to sleep at The Meadows and continue their journey in the morning. This suited the doctor well, for he felt he needed a rest and the pastoral calm of the meadow was just the place for it.

After a pleasant stroll through the orchards and vineyards, he joined the rest of the guests at the dinner table. The meal was enhanced, as usual, by Sully's specialty, pickled pork. Despite his frail appearance, the doctor had an enormous appetite and was soon partaking of the rare food.

When he finished the meal, he complimented the innkeeper and went directly to bed. He had eaten too much, and the overworking of his burdened digestive system was beginning to tire him. He lay in the rickety bunk and contentedly recalled the sumptuous meal. Only one thing bothered him. The doctor's one vice was food, and in his wanderings he thought he had tasted most of the dishes known to man. Surely he knew the taste of pickled pork. Perhaps this pork had been prepared differently. At any rate, it had been delicious, despite its unfamiliar flavor.

IN the morning Dr. Liston's curiosity got the better of him, and he asked Sully to again serve him with the pickled pork. Sully wasn't used to dispensing this rare item at breakfast, but he seemed pleased by the compliment and gladly complied. Fearing to offend the innkeeper by questioning him, the doctor ate his breakfast silently, all the time performing a rapid investigation with his fork. One piece of bone interested him particularly. When the rest of the guests had left the table, he slipped it neatly into the pocket of his coat.

When the stage arrived in Independence, Dr. Liston found a long line of patients demanding his services. The accumulation of gunshot wounds in the few days of his absence was extraordinary. It wasn't until later that he found time to examine the bone. With what little laboratory equipment he had he set

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to work. It wasn't long before he was convinced that the bone was the bone of no pig. What was more, the bone was strangely like that usually found in a human. As distasteful as this thought was to the doctor, he was soon forced to conclude that this was its exact identity. He found a stimulant necessary at once.

When he had fully recovered from the shock, he began to decide what to do. Obviously, something suspicious was going on at Hayway Meadows, though the good doctor refused to consider what. There was no sheriff in Independence, and if there was a marshall in the territory he had never been seen. He did, however, remember hearing that a vigilance committee was being formed by some of the more civic-minded citizens of the town. He lost no time in giving them his information.

When the word got around the town the men left the mines and immediately a large posse was formed. The indignant miners weren't waiting for any vigilance committee. At one time or another most of them had enjoyed a pleasant meal at The Meadows, and although their sense of justice was hardly provoked, they were no little enraged by the thought that some of them at least had innocently enjoyed the benefits of cannibalism.

When they arrived at The Meadows they quickly stated their case to the innkeeper.

"I don't know what you're talking about," he said.

"The hell you don't," one of the miners said. "Where's your pork vat, Sully?"

"It's all gone," Sully said.

"You're lying," somebody shouted.

THIS line of questioning was abandoned, however, when one

of the miners observed that no one there but Sully could identify the meat as the pickled remains of their late contemporaries. The miners had proved all too ignorant of the nice discriminations of the palate. By now the mob had grabbed the frightened innkeeper, and after tying him to a gate post, prepared to kindle a fire under him. Before it could be lit Sully changed his mind and decided to talk.

The conclusion of Dr. Liston had been all too correct. Although Sully had lost count somewhere along the line, he admitted that some parts, at least, of the eight missing men had been served up over his dinner table at one time or another. He then showed them the spot in his orchard where he had buried the less edible remains of his poor victims. In the station the posse found a large store of gold dust, and several other valuable articles, among which was a watch belonging to the Governor's brother. The rest of the loot Sully had sold in Los Angeles and Cerro Gordo.

Although morals were few in the mining camps and most murders were openly ignored, Sully's confession was more than the hardened miners could endure. They dragged the screaming innkeeper out into the yard and returned him to his position on the gate post, where he was burned alive.

Soon after that the stage route was changed and the station at the Meadows was abandoned. The buildings began to decay. But it was a long time before the citizens of Independence forgot the Meadows' genial host, and longer still before they would eat pickled pork again.

THE END

WIN WITHOUT HANDICAPPING

(Continued from page 19)

selectors, and one is scratched, or three contenders and two are scratched, the remaining horse is a standout. The spot players take advantage of this knowledge if they feel that the horse is not really an "underlaw" according to the odds.

Speaking of scratches, there is a method whereby a good horse is often overlooked in the betting. Since most of the betting follows the choices of well known selectors indiscriminately, on the infrequent occasions when the first and second horses are both scratched the public has to guess when no further

heavy favorite is clearly defined. Thus, a third choice picked by many selectors to qualify as the favorite turns up a good mutuel return when he wins.

Another plan conducive to a fair average of winners is to play beaten favorites. This is a method quite popular among knowing turf fans. Favorites that are beaten at odds of less than 8 to 5 do not always have an excuse for a poor race, that is, they don't have an obvious excuse. The chart makers cannot see every move or know the reason why a horse loses a race. They cannot tell if the horse's last meal disagreed with him or if he was not feeling like running.

PLAYING a beaten favorite is just accepting the reasons that he was chosen a favorite, in the first place. Shrewd spot-pickers have been paid off in four figures by many of these horses overlooked by the majority of bettors in their return engagements.

Some small bettors like to wager their money in trick combinations. If money, back-to-back, round robins, parlays and other imaginative mathematical gymnastics sound like a good way to get even with the bookie. Actually, however, this form of self-delusion is like cheating oneself at solitaire.

It is smarter to play each horse separately and cover with a safety bet of place or show if possible. Trick bets bring in a handful of money when they click, but so does the Irish sweepstakes. The chances of winning at long odds are always directly in relation to the amount of risk involved.

Since so many bettors haven't the time to do their own handicapping, or to work out a system that holds some promise of profit, the next best thing is to follow the selections of a highly rated consensus.

Whether you decide to follow "The Racing Form" or the handicapper in your favorite newspaper depends on just what you want and expect of your handicapper. Before making up your mind, you may want to check his selections over a period of time. This is work, but only a few minutes a day are required and the effort may save you money in the end.

AFTER a short period of checking, you should know the answers to these questions: Is he a longshot or favorite picker? Is his overall average around 20% or 30%? How does he do on Best Bets? Is he better on selecting winners in long races or sprints? How is he on handicaps and the big Stake races?

When a player has an idea of what to expect from his appointed selector it is much easier to make a play. If the selector's Best Bets can be expected to win 40% of the time and the expected price on his selection today is 9 to 5, it is, of course, a good bet from the standpoint of the odds. If his entire card averages 28% and he has two top-heavy favorites chosen, which should pay even money or only slightly better, they are poor bets.

A sound procedure is to play through a selector who averages 40% of his Best Bets. Any Best Bet he chooses can be played when the odds are 8 to 5, or more. Or, a Consensus Best Bet may be followed as more indicative of reliable opinion.

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Again, it is smart to pick your spots, based on a little thought on your own part.

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Make playing the races a business, or at least apply sound business principles to your wagering.

THIS Consensus column of the *Daily Racing Form* is the acknowledged leader in the business of selection. The selections found in the *Form* represent the *ne plus ultra* in racing information.

You may say you'll get chalk horses, all favorites. Well, some of the top horses in the *Form* Consensus have paid upwards of \$20, but granted that the great majority of selections for first or win are chalk horses, let's take the second choice in the Consensus as our horse to play.

The death trap of most system play is the unalterable fact that in playing on the win end there will be a long string of losers down the line that will eventually wipe out the profits and send the players and his system into the red. Let's try to avoid this trap. What better method is there for habitual play than to make all bets to place? Why push your luck?

True, place betting has been condemned by one or more self-styled turf authority, with the familiar argument that the percentage return is far greater and more favorable to the player on the win end of a bet. While this is possibly true in theory, we are not interested in theory. We are after a profit, and the return on place play that is properly controlled (pick your spots) can be made a profitable factor with the exercise of proper progression.

Taking the business-like approach toward making a profit, the next step is to decide what controls must be brought into the daily turf operations. The answer is:

Quit when you are ahead.

LETS recapitulate then and attempt to set up a formula for a business-like method of turf play. Basing our formula upon some of the points we have mentioned, we can set up this set of rules:

1. Use the Consensus second

choice in the *Racing Form* as the medium of play. If scratched, use the first choice.

2. Eliminate all races for two-year-olds, all maiden races and all hurdle or steeplechase races.

3. Make wagers to place.

4. Using a \$2 unit as the starting wager, progress one unit, or \$2, after each loser until a profit is shown on a series of bets. Return them to the basic \$2 unit. Always quit for the day after a profit has been made on the betting series, no matter how small a profit.

Testing this method at Rockingham Park and Keeneland, the writer made a profit of \$27.60 on a \$3.40 investment at Rockingham and \$58.40 on a capital investment

of \$40.20 at Keeneland.

When you go to the track, be like George Washington and turn a deaf ear to touts. In 1762, Washington made an itemized account of his day at the Annapolis, Md., races. He lost one pound, six shillings and, apparently, he was a "soft touch" for other losers, too, for he also itemized two pounds, three shillings "for charity." When a tout "of mean appearance" sidled up to George and pestered him with the offer of "information," Washington froze him with an icy stare and replied:

"My man, you have the insinuating manners of a pig. Go your way, while I make my play according to my own common sense."

THE END

HARD ROCK

(Continued from page 21)

Don't reckon I'm ever goin' to get around to spendin' it noway."

"That's better," Bonnie moved the poker away a few inches.

GO out to the spring and stoop over. Look up the side of the cliff, an' you can see where Paw knocked out some steps. Climb up 'bout twenty feet and you'll find a loose slab. It's back there."

Bonnie laughed, her lips tight. "You better not be lyin' to me." She put down the poker and went out.

The old woman hitched her chair around so she could watch the

girl work her way up the face of the cliff. She was high up it before the slick leather sole of one of her new shoes slipped out of a hole in the rock. She tried frantically to step on to the next small break in the smooth surface, but her tight skirt stopped her foot inches short of the opening.

Bonnie hit the large, flat stone beside the spring head first, gave one wriggle and lay still.

The old woman hitched her chair closer to the fire and spat into it. "Knew she wouldn't make it," she said to herself. "Jest like Paw said, mountain women ain't supposed to wear such tomfoolery." Her mind



"You're right—it does look different from a distance."

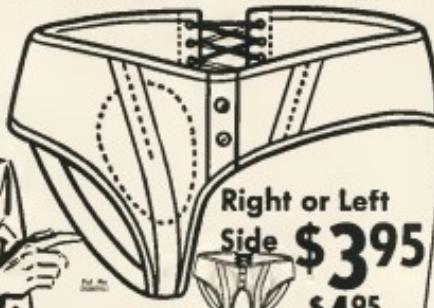
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went back through the years. Once she too had tried to climb that cliff with her go-to-town clothes on. Paw had found her that night, lying in the soft mud by the spring with a broken leg. The next day he'd hitched up the team and dragged the big rock to the face of the cliff.

"That'll larn ye," he'd said, "to try to rob an ole man with yer shoes on."

THE old woman moved closer to the fire and spat again. Luke would be home soon. And maybe

now would be a good time to tell him that the gold wasn't there anymore.

The old woman's head nodded in the heat of the fire. Tell Luke that she'd taken off her shoes and climbed that cliff thirty years ago and had gone all the way to Atlanta where she had lived for awhile. There was a man who'd left her when the money was gone, but left her with a baby girl Cousin Lias and Matilda had sworn to raise as their own to help her hide her shame.

THE END

■ THE WEREWOLF OF LAVILLE ■

(Continued from page 26)

In desperation, Emma poured out the story of her loneliness and fear. Jeanne Fourcault's cold mistrust melted. This girl was in deep trouble, tied to a brutal husband. It was an old story to Jeanne—and what did it matter that now it was told in her broken French, with a German accent? She opened her arms; Emma's head rested against her shoulder. The two women wept.

From Madame Fourcault, wise veteran of seven childbirths, Emma received the friendship and advice she needed. Emma returned to her cabin with renewed hope.

Summer came and gave way to autumn. After his first outburst, Karl did not mention Emma's pregnancy again, nor did she. He remained away for days and nights, for whole weeks at a time now. He was completely altered. His walk had an animal stealth. His eyes and teeth gleamed through a fantastic tangle of hair. His fingernails were long and curved. And strangest of all, he had stopped taking his gun into the woods.

Emma first noticed the gun in its usual place against the wall, one morning after Karl had stalked out, and thought he had forgotten it. He came back at nightfall with the carcass of a young doe across his shoulders.

SHE looked at him in bewilderment. "But how did you kill this without the gun?"

Karl drew a wicked-looking knife from the top of his boot and thumbed the edge.

"I go through the forest as fast and silent as they," he said. "When I come close . . ." He leaped across the room and firelight flashed on the blade as he made the gesture of the kill.

Emma barely suppressed her shock. He laughed shortly, slipped the knife back into the boot, and

squatted before the fire.

"Are you hungry now?" Emma asked uncertainly.

He shook his head. A moment later, he stretched out on the floor and went to sleep. Emma wondered, because he always came back from the woods with a great appetite.

She turned to the carcass of the doe, to dress it. As she picked it up, she saw with horror that a section of the raw, red flank had been torn away.

Without the friendship of Jeanne Fourcault, Emma could not have lived through those months. But Karl's long absences made it possible for her to visit frequently and relieve her nightmare by describing it to the older woman. Jeanne pressed her to stay at her cabin during the confinement, but Emma did not dare.

"But you must not be alone then," Jeanne protested.

"If Karl is not there," Emma said, "I will send you a sign."

WHEN she felt her time approaching, Karl was away in the forest. With her last strength, Emma lighted a pile of green boughs to a smoky blaze, and crept to bed. Jeanne saw the signal and came at once.

Karl arrived back at the cabin to find his wife lying beside a pink-faced, two-day-old baby girl, whom she called Jeanette.

For a long time he stood looking down at his wife and child with a malign expression. He said nothing. Then he squatted before the fire and began to sharpen his knife. Too weak to get up, Emma watched in an agony of apprehension.

Suddenly he stopped, listened intently, raised his head and seemed to sniff the air. He rose, crossed the room at a stride, pulled on his jacket and rushed out. The knife remained where he had left it, on the hearth.

Emma did not sleep that night. Snow began to fall, the first of the winter. She lay tensely in the dark and watched the white flakes drift past the window.

In the morning the tree trunks stood out starkly against a white blanket. Karl had not returned. That night, for the first time, Emma heard the chilling howl of a wolf in the surrounding forest.

Karl remained absent. As the days followed, Emma's meager supply of food dwindled. She lived on the few cereals and vegetables she had preserved in the summer. As for Karl—her mind skirted the terrible question of how he lived, what he ate in the forest.

FINALLY a night came when Emma went supperless and the baby, unable to get enough milk, cried herself to sleep. "Tomorrow I will take the child and go to Jeanne," Emma told herself. And she knew that she would not ever come back. She made a bundle of her few clothes, and sat down to sew by firelight.

The wind had died, leaving the world full of frigid silence. How could Karl survive out there, without even his knife? Emma asked herself. Was he perhaps dead?

As if in answer, she heard the wolf howl, far away but clear and piercing across the hills. Involuntarily, she shivered. She recalled dark legends of her German childhood, of wolves that attacked and ate little children, of men who turned to wolves by moonlight and prowled the darkness.

There it was again—closer. A high, prolonged keen that died off in a bass rattle. Jeanette stirred and whimpered. Emma tucked the blankets closer, touching the innocent face with trembling fingertips.

Then the hair rose on the back of her head as the wolf howled again, much closer this time. Something in that wild cry was unbearably threatening. In sudden panic, Emma threw herself at the door and pushed the heavy timber bar in place. Then she leaned back against the door, sobbing, waiting.

SLOWLY the wild beating of her heart subsided. Her taut muscles relaxed. Then she heard a faint sound—something moving through the dry weeds in the clearing.

Something that came closer and closer to the door. Something that breathed in heavy gasps. Something that trod lightly on the logs that formed the entrance. Something that clawed against the door.

Emma saw the fire spin in a dizzy circle before her eyes. Hugging the

wall, she staggered toward her baby.

As in a dream, she watched the gleam of moonlight through the square window and heard Jeanette's soft breathing. The creature was rounding the corner. She heard it come panting along the cabin wall.

Then with an unearthly snarling scream it leaped to the window. The inflamed eyes, the bared, dripping fangs of the wolf faced her, hideous beyond her worst childhood fantasy, inches away, ready to spring.

IN one desperate gesture, Emma snatched up the shotgun, held it before her, and squeezed the trigger. The face disappeared in a shattering of glass. The blast thundered in the room. The baby awoke howling. Emma picked her up and lunged to the window.

A dark figure lay still on the bloodstained snow. Emma's eyes widened—it was the figure of a man, not of a wolf. With a little cry, she rushed out to it.

Emma stared a long time, somber

and dry-eyed, at the body of her dead husband. Then she wrapped the baby warmly and set off across the hills to Jeanne Fourcault's.

When the news spread in Laville, people looked wise. They had known all along there was no good in the Germans. Now one had killed the other, the second should hang, and all would be well. But that was before they knew Emma's story, told by Jeanne Fourcault while Emma nursed her baby in the town jail.

In the light of that story, it became a fine question of justice whether Emma had believed she was shooting a man, or a wolf, or—if one's mind ran to such fancies—a man who could change into a wolf at will, a werewolf. It was a serious question, and the people of Laville treated it seriously. The jury which would want to convict Emma Schneider could not be found, and after a while the authorities dropped the case.

During long winter nights, her story is told and retold along the frontier.

THE END

The bout was a bad break for me. While it was close for the first nine or ten rounds, I figured that I had taken charge of the colorful Cuban in the last five sessions. The vote was two to one against me. Gavilan was still the welterweight champion.

I ANALYZED that match and definitely decided that I had smothered his famed bolos and had beaten him to the punch when he threw right hands. However, that is water over the dam and he still was welterweight champion. However, the purse of \$19,940 helped salve any injured feelings. Even so, I didn't take home more than two-thirds of the purse because of debts that had accumulated before the fight.

Speaking of tough breaks, in December, 1945, I was alarmed when I felt that my left foot became seemingly lifeless. The circulation seemed to be cut off. A specialist called it Buerger's Disease, something unusual in one as young and active as I was. I had to give up smoking. I haven't been bothered by the condition lately, fortunately.

I have won 105 fights out of 113 which I have fought professionally, but (up to the Havana bout with Gavilan) have only a bungalow and an automobile to show for my effort.

Since my bout in New York with the Cuban Hawk, I have defeated Jimmy Herring and Art Soto, lost on a split decision to Joe Gardella (a tough break, in my book, for the referee certainly wasn't impartial in my opinion) and beat Carmen Basilio. The money I received for those bouts helped me to keep the home fires burning and meet expenses while I awaited the big shot with Gavilan in Havana.

However with my obligations I have to net at least \$12,000 a year from boxing, the only profession I am fitted for. A boxer of my standing has a tough time of it saving for the future. For example, if I happen to be in a group, I have to ask the waiter for the check. My tip must be generous. That's the penalty of being a big-time boxer.

A boxing career can be started in spite of bad breaks. I recall when I was fifteen years of age and tried to enter the New York Golden Gloves tournament. I was rejected no less than three times because of a "heart murmur." Determined to box, I went to a heart specialist, who took a cardiogram and then assured me that I could take up my ring career with-

YOU NEED BREAKS IN BOXING

(Continued from page 29)

I was on the shelf for four months with the broken maulie. In the meantime, Terry Young beat Beau Jack and as Jack was not available by the time I was ready again we never did fight.

That year, 1948, was a poor one for me, financially, but it had its compensations for it was the year I courted and married Lorraine Hansen, the very pretty daughter of a neighbor.

In '49, I was happy that my financial situation had improved, for we expected an increase in our family. The money I received for a London bout and my Madison Square Garden match with Paddy DeMarco, the Brooklyn toughie, helped some but I was worried about the financial aspects of my immediate future. After beating Tony Pellone, the Greenwich Village spoiler, I got a good break, for a change. My smart co-manager, Irving Cohen, who, with Jack Reilly, plotted me, induced Kid Gavilan to meet me in February, 1950, at Madison Square Garden.

I defeated Gavilan and the \$8,000 purse certainly came in handy, for four days later, Billy, Jr., arrived. Just for the record, I've never been floored since I started my professional boxing career.

IN November of '50, I was again matched with Gavilan and while

I was convinced, as were many ringsiders, that I had beaten him by the same margin as I did in our first meeting, the split decision went against me. However, I received more than \$6,000 for the bout and I was sure that we would be matched again for Ray Robinson, the champion of the division, was moving to the middleweight class.

While I was happy about the way things were going for me in the ring, my home expenses were increasing, for we expected another baby. I talked things over with Lorraine and we agreed to buy a home so we could have the room and the surroundings favorable to bringing up a family. So, we bought a five-room bungalow in Springfield Garden, Queens. Buying the house meant more expense for furniture and other accessories which complete a home.

Our little girl was born on January 9, 1951. The happy event carried with it new responsibilities for my title match with Kid Gavilan did not materialize as soon as I had figured. Instead, an elimination tournament was scheduled. In the meantime, I had to be in shape in the event that a match was suddenly closed for me to fight the Cuban Hawk. I had to go into training and pay the expenses of a training camp. I heaved a sigh of relief when my board of strategy arranged the title match with the Kid for August 29, 1951.

out any adverse effect on my heart. The Golden Gloves doctor okayed me. What happened next? Well, I was all set to box at Odd Fellows Hall near my home. Many of my friends were on hand to see me make my ring debut. One of the doctors who had turned me down rejected me again. This doctor was backed by the chief medico for the Golden Gloves. He told me that I shouldn't even do a hard day's work and never lift anything or strain myself in any way. Can you beat it?

That experience made me forget the amateurs and I applied for a professional license. The New York State Athletic Commission doctor passed me. Since then, I have been examined more than 118 times and have been found fit every time.

Actually, I started boxing, as an amateur, when I was ten years of age and fought Ray Robinson when I was eleven. Furthermore, I won two out of the three rounds that I boxed with Ray. He started off fast, but I caught up with him in the second round. It was in a Boys' Athletic League tournament and we weighed around 90 pounds. Robinson has become one of the all-time greats since those early days, but, up to a couple of years ago, I am convinced that I could have beaten him. Having met him at such an early age, I can say that I am somewhat of an authority of Robinson's class. I can say that he had it even when he was just a skinny kid named Walker Smith.

IT is true that I am not an explosive puncher and do not wade in to take a couple of punches in order to deliver one. I have a good, hard straight right, but I have learned my profession of boxing. I know that there are many boxing fans who want to see a fellow throw science to the winds and just trade punches. That's for the club fighter who usually winds up with his brains addled.

I give my best every time out and that's good enough to have won me the rating of "uncrowned welter-weight champion." I think that I supply plenty of action.

All that I seek is a few more good money shots before I retire from the ring. When that day comes, I want to enjoy seeing my children grow up and share their pleasures with them. That would be impossible for me to achieve were I to absorb heavy punishment in my bouts. Besides, there is nothing more tragic than the sight of a has-been who has suffered serious injury from boxing, forgotten by those who once cheered him.

THE END

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HAPPY ANNIVERSARY, DARLING!

(Continued from page 31)

would assume when she was about to do something silly to please her little boy. She closed her eyes tightly, squinting to let him know that she wouldn't peek.

"One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five . . . six . . . seven . . ." The blow from the hammer cut her counting short. She slumped to the floor without a sound. Henry stood over her with the hammer raised as if expecting her to get up. He stared down at her motionless form for a long time and then he leaned over and felt her pulse. It was weak, but still there. He lifted her arms and dragged her to the spot directly over the furnace. Then he busied himself with the phone. He connected the wires, and removed the receiver from the hook. It would be too risky to leave the phone on the hook while he made the connection in the basement. There was enough TNT in his bomb to blow the house sky-high.

Henry stood by the phone surveying his work. Everything seemed OK. There was just one risk involved to him. It would take about three seconds to reach the front door after he hung up the receiver. If the phone rang during that time, it would be curtains. It was a calculated risk that Henry was willing to take. The odds were in his favor. Helen got few phone calls, and he even less. He hung up the receiver and walked quickly to the door. Outside, he breathed a sigh of relief.

THE second part of his plan was simple. He drove directly to the Cedar Club. He knew Judge Snider would be there, but he was nevertheless worried until he heard the judge's voice greet him.

"Evening, Henry. Join me in a drink?" Judge Snider hoisted his glass invitingly.

"Thank you, yes," Henry said, and was amazed at how natural his voice sounded. His heart was pounding against his ribs and he imagined that the judge could hear it. His hands felt wet and clammy and he unconsciously wiped them on the sides of his trousers. He had to be calm: The judge was his alibi. The respectable citizen who would swear, if necessary, that Henry was in the Cedar Club when the explosion occurred.

"How's Helen?" the judge asked after Henry's drink arrived.

"Just fine when I left. This is

our wedding anniversary. I just have time for a fast one. You know how women are."

Henry tossed his drink down and fished in his pocket for change. "I'd better call her. I'm a little late as it is." He walked to the phone booth in the far corner of the room. His hand trembled as he dialed the number. He didn't put the receiver to his ear. It was a private line, so there was no worry about it being busy. He held the phone away from him as if it were a poisonous snake. He gave himself a full minute and then hung up. Murder was simple.

"See you Sunday, Judge," Henry said as he started to leave. He had lingered long enough to buy the judge a drink and invite him over for Sunday dinner.

"OK, Henry. Don't forget to give Helen my best wishes for a happy anniversary."

HE drove slowly toward his home. His every nerve strained as he listened for the sound of the sirens that would mean someone had heard the explosion. He heard nothing other than the normal

sounds of traffic. He was a block from his home before he realized that the bomb hadn't exploded. But it had to, he thought. I'm too good an electrician to have made a mistake. The wires must have come loose.

Henry got out of the car in front of the house, and ran the forty feet to the front door. Inside, he paused long enough to assure himself that Helen was lying where he had left her; then he hurried to the phone. His eyes searched for a loose wire. He never found one. He was bending over the phone when it rang.

The little man in the brown coveralls talked and his words seemed to tumble over one another in their haste to escape his mouth. "Yes, officer, I'm the one who called you. The whole place was in flames when I got here. I guess the neighbors were too excited to do anything. The office sent me over, after the line went dead when they were making a test call. You see, I was over here today working on the phone. Mrs. Mathias must have known some big shot in the company. Had her phone number changed. Happy as a lark about it. She said the new number was the date of her marriage. Wanted to surprise her husband, she said."

THE END

INDIA'S ROPE TRICK EXPLAINED

(Continued from page 6)

sound of slashing blows, the scream of the boy which soon ceased. The dismembered body of the boy comes hurtling down. The fakir climbs calmly down the rope, pulls the rope down after him, coils it up and places it in a wicker basket, together with the bloody remains of the boy. Finally he opens the basket again for a moment and the boy climbs out smiling.

This is a rough description of the trick in its entirety. Sometimes it is only partially performed—as when the rope is thrown up and the boy ascends and disappears, after which the rope is pulled down and the boy appears on the ground. But even this is uncannily mystifying, performed in the open in the presence of many intent spectators.

Lending some credence to the theory that the "real McCoy" may be produced by mass hypnotism is the experience of the famous zoologist Dr. William Beebe. Together with two other competent observers, Dr. Beebe observed the trick performed in India. A photograph was taken of the rope extending into the sky and the boy

climbing up the rope. The developed print, however, showed only the fakir calmly sitting on the ground, the coiled rope beside him.

Many attempts have been made to induce fakirs to perform the trick in the presence of scientific observers. Large fees have been offered. In 1876, when Edward, then Prince of Wales and later King Edward VII visited India on a round-the-world tour, £1000 was offered for a demonstration before the Prince.

ATER, the wealthy Lord Lansdale made a standing offer of £10,000. Howard Thurston, the great stage magician who incidentally worked out a very fine mechanical simulation of the trick, offered \$1,000.

In this last offer, the boy didn't have to be cut to pieces. But in no case has a fakir come forward and attempted to win any of the awards offered.

These facts lead to the almost certain conclusion that, except possibly in very rare instances, the trick is performed by fakery. It is interesting that our word faker—

meaning a fraud—stems directly from the Hindu fakir, meaning a man with supernormal powers. Presumably, most of the fakirs are not above stooping to fakery!

Observers have frequently noted that this trick, when performed in India, has usually been performed just before dusk, when the mists are heavy, or at midday, when the sun is almost blinding and the fakir is careful to take a position where the sunlight shines directly into the eyes of his audience. Often the

trick is performed between two buildings or trees, leading to the conclusion that the rope is somehow drawn over a high wire.

Photographs of some versions prove that stiff wire is sometimes run lengthwise through the rope. In other instances, sections of a jointed bamboo pole, much resembling a fishpole, are inserted in a hollow rope by the fakir, who keeps his hands concealed underneath a rug or in the basket.

THE END

BERLIN: NEW SIN CENTER

(Continued from page II)

still badly scarred city. As a German-born and German-speaking correspondent, I have visited Berlin frequently during the past forty years. And I can say honestly that there has been no more sin-sleeped city in the history of the world than the Berlin of today.

What the average GI reports is child's play to the more furtive—but widespread—goings-on. The GI is familiar with Berlin's rampant homosexuality; Berlin was always the homosexual capital of the world, and I recall that as far back as Kaiser Wilhelm II's time homosexuality was widespread among the Emperor's officers.

Here are the things the GI knows about—and they are terrible enough; sufficient in themselves to make Berlin the world's wickedest city. But they are as nothing to the "behind-the-scenes" excesses I have witnessed.

After the war, any GI who chose had his pick of literally hundreds of pretty girls, any of whom would live with him for a few cans of vegetables and tins of meat and a few cigarettes. This is still the case, to a degree. These unfortunate girls are not prostitutes. They are desperate from poverty. They do not even mind being arrested by the MP's or police, for at least they will get a comfortable place to sleep.

I spent a night recently visiting a small police station in the western zone. More than 100 girls and women, ranging in age from thirteen to sixty, were brought in on various specific complaints—mugging, stealing, or venereal disease. Not one had been arrested "on suspicion" or for "loitering for purposes of prostitution." To arrest all women who are obviously out to snare any male with a mark in his pocket would be a hopeless task.

"Yet prostitution is actually not organized in Berlin," the Inspector, who was a friend of mine, pointed

out. "Only one in ten of these girls is a professional. We would need ten times the number of police and social workers we have in order to even begin to attack the problem."

HE nodded toward a table where two schapos (policemen) were questioning a group of girls, none of them over seventeen, all wearing bobby-sox. "They belong to a 'love-weed' club," he informed me. "Their meeting-place is a bombed-out cellar which they have equipped with stolen furniture. They get their reefer (marijuana) for one mark (about \$25). They get the money by selling their favors to American soldiers, or they steal tires or other equipment from automobiles.

"There are hundreds of such teen-age love-weed clubs in Berlin especially in the Russian sector," he continued. "Compared to them, your estimated 10,000 teen-age drug addicts in New York City are nothing. Marijuana can be purchased anywhere; all you have to do is stand on a street corner and wait. Indian hemp is grown in the rubble, where it is hard to locate."

These teen-age love-weed cults are vicious. The members throng around railroad stations and near-by bars, solicit unsuspecting soldiers and foreigners generally, and often "mug" their victims. Probably from 3,000 to 4,000 mugging-robberies per month are committed by these children.

There is also, in the Russian zone, a multitude of love-weed clubs which specialize in men-adolescent-girl relationships, or associations between men and adolescent boys. Some have their own "clubhouses," which are designated as social, athletic, and wrestling clubs. Recently a mugging sex-club run by a 21-year-old girl named "Mugging Bill" was broken up. There were more than fifty youthful pimps and several hundred girls in the membership.

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DANCE halls and bars catering to homosexuals are innumerable. On a side street near the Nollendorfplatz, for example, is a place frequented each night by hundreds of "pretty girls" and their escorts, who are very often foreign officials and businessmen. The pretty girls are, however, males.

One of the most notorious assignation spots is a very elegant nightclub known as the "Femina." There are three orchestras which provide continuous music. Girls who are looking for "dates" sit about at the tables, and each table is numbered and equipped with a telephone. Men can study the array of pulchritude at their leisure, pick up the phone, and summon the girl of their choice. On the adjacent side streets are numerous rooming houses bearing the sign "Pension" or boarding house. Men are permitted to take girls to these places at any hour of the day or night.

There are literally scores of places like the "Femina" scattered about Berlin.

There are perverted cults which meet regularly. Often they have a pseudo-philosophical reason for existence, almost like the Satan cults. Generally they are led by a strong-willed but mentally unbalanced man or woman who has brooded too much over Germany's downfall. If such a club is broken up, its membership usually reorganizes under a new leader almost immediately.

I had considerable difficulty in getting to attend a meeting of one of the "Lucifer" clubs, which are the most exclusive of all. It was finally arranged through a friend of mine, who in turn had performed some important favors for a *kleiner Teufel* (little Devil) member of the cult. Incidentally, this *kleiner Teufel* was a very pretty young Belgian girl who worked for one of the trade commissions and who had belonged to the cult for over a year.

This girl was fully convinced of the supernatural powers of the leader of the cult—a man whose identity was unknown to the members and who called himself "Lucifer."

The "Devil's Mass" I attended was held in a costly villa near Dahlem, on the edge of the residential district now utilized by high officials in the U.S. military and civil governments. The house itself was furnished with fantastic luxury—exquisite tapestries bearing demonic designs on the walls of the large, gracious rooms; statuary of Satanic significance; diabolical

paintings and other objets d'art. Merely to outfit the place must have cost a fortune.

One large room—perhaps a former ballroom—was equipped with a massive throne, ornate with carving. All around the walls were low, richly upholstered divans. There was indirect lighting of ominous blood-red, which gave everything and everyone the appearance of having been drenched in gore.

In this room were close to thirty men and women, some of whose names are famous. (I had been sworn to secrecy not to divulge names.) All the cultists wore crimson robes and headgear which consisted of a pair of curving, shape-tipped horns. There was very little conversation; all appeared to be waiting avidly, and I learned afterward that the members of this cult were sworn to abstinence at all times except in connection with these depraved ceremonies.

The room was heavy with the scent of incense. Eerie but excellently played organ music provided an esoteric background. Suddenly, the organ stopped, and the silence was broken by a single brazen crash of a great gong.

CURTAINS at one end of the room parted and a tall, extraordinarily well-muscled and lithe man entered. He wore a devil's mask that completely covered his face, and a white, ankle-length robe or cloak of silk, embroidered with evil symbols in gold. As he entered, all the cultists prostrated themselves full-length, facing him.

Leisurely "Lucifer" approached the throne and seated himself. Two other men—apparently lesser "devils"—took their places on each side of the throne and commenced reciting obscenely blasphemous verses which must have been written by a madman. After each verse was recited, the cultists reverently repeated it, in a hideously travesty of religious recitation and response.

The quoting of the unholy text over, "Lucifer" spoke, in a sonorous, well-modulated, cultured voice. "I am your guide and your leader. I command you once more to forget all that you have learned about the restrictions of human society. There is great pleasure in hell, and I am your guide and teacher in the ecstasies of evil. Forget even that you are men and women, and follow every one of my commands with blind obedience."

I have noted this exhortation word for word (as well as I could remember it), since it seems to me an excellent clue to the master-slave psychology which has so

strongly permeated the German culture. It is this psychology, perhaps, which has been responsible for so much vice in military circles and which is responsible for the German tendencies toward sadomasochism.

These people—outwardly charming and cultured—wanted either to master or be mastered; there was no middle course. They were Nazis, I knew, still dreaming of the day when Germany would rule the world and they would be high among the rulers.

His exhortation over, "Lucifer" leaned forward and leisurely scrutinized the faces and figures of the prostrate women present. The ceremony which followed cannot be described. When they were completed, a gong crashed. This signaled the commencement of an unbridled orgy, in which everyone participated. Following about half an hour of this, there was a third crash of the gong. The organ resumed playing in an insistent, beating rhythm resembling some native African dance. The two sub-demons, I noticed, were now augmenting the rhythm with drums.

A nude dance began, which started slowly and gradually increased in tempo and frenzy until many of the cultists fell to the floor frothing at the mouth or actually fainting from physical exhaustion. As this dance reached its high point of hellish ecstasy, the music abruptly stopped. Gradually the cultists calmed down somewhat and stood about panting, waiting.

Matter-of-factly the two sub-devils now passed about the assemblage, carrying pipes and small white pellets on silver trays. I recognized the pellets as hashish. For a time the cultists smoked in silence, while "Lucifer" remained reclining on his divan, aloof and I believe secretly amused as any of the more profligate Roman emperors.

As the drug took effect, the smokers began dancing frenziedly. In a few moments, however, they fell to the floor in a profound stupor.

It was at this point that my *kleiner Teufel* nudged me and we unobtrusively left the room. I learned afterward that following the orgiastic rituals, the drugged cultists were put to bed to sleep off their intoxication.

In this particular cult, I was told, the members pay "Lucifer" a tithe of their incomes. It is exceedingly difficult to become a member. All members—and of course "Lucifer" himself—must agree on any new member, while elections are by

secret ballot, one black ball being sufficient to exclude any candidate. Obviously guests—such as I was—are extremely rare, and must be both highly vouched for and trusted.

There are many of these demoniac sex cults—just how many no one knows. Some are headed by she-devils—as for example an "Ishtar" lust cult. All, however, have some basis in mysticism, and seem to reflect a deep-rooted German instinct to follow a supernatural leader. Hitler, it will be remembered, laid claim to prophetic powers, and certainly he was a great mass-hypnotist.

Finally, there are a great many drug-addiction clubs. It is easy for anyone interested in such things to visit a hashish, pyot, or opium den; usually street loungers or taxi-drivers are willing to serve as guides. Some of these places are mere holes-in-the-wall, but one opium den I visited in the vicinity of the Kaiserdamm was the height of luxury. In an apparently bombed-out building, it was an enormous room, completely furnished in Chinese style. Young girls dressed in Chinese costumes prepared and tendered the opium pipes. The walls were completely surrounded by curtained booths, from which came the sounds of stupefied breathing and occasional nightmare-wracked

screams. The sweetish smell of the drug was overpowering, and I did not remain there long.

The average person who visits Berlin—even the average Berliner—will not believe that such conditions exist. But to find them you only have to get away from the main thoroughfares and the tourist areas and keep your eyes open. Except for the Devil cults there is little attempt at concealment.

How can these things happen? Berlin is a city of fantastic contrasts. People live both in cellars and in rehabilitated apartments more luxurious than any in New York City. Women are either in rags or rich silks and furs. Where thousands are starving there are also the finest restaurants in the world. Restaurants on the Tawentzienstrasse or the Kurfuerstendamm, for example, display menus for pet dogs that cost more than several average families spend for food. There is a vicious black market where you can get everything you want, if you can only pay.

And that applies also to sin of every sort. Berlin today is not only the most sinful city in the world, the varieties of sin offered are greater than any city has ever purveyed before. There is no evil, of any sort, that cannot be found in present-day Berlin.

THE END

SEXUAL STIMULANTS RUINED ME

(Continued from page 22)

eighty, and remained remarkably vigorous up until their final illnesses.

I am writing these words as a warning to all young men who think they can tamper with the laws of Nature and escape the consequences. It can't be done by anyone, regardless of the strength of his constitution.

I shall not mention my name, though it is well known. A hint is that I am in the entertainment business; both Hollywood and Broadway are like second homes to me. You have undoubtedly—I hope and am reasonably sure—enjoyed my work. My friends include authors, composers, lyricists, directors, producers and many prominent persons in the non-entertainment field.

My sexual excesses began as early as the age of puberty, and have continued ever since. I have been married five times, and each time I married in full sincerity, believing that this was "it." Psychiatrists here have told me, however, that loyalty to any one woman was an

impossibility to me, since I had a mother fixation. Because of this, I pursued every woman I could for purposes of conquest in the "Casanova" or Don Juan" manner, and not love. The most terrible part of my tragedy is that I have wrecked the lives and hopes of happiness of many women.

NOT the least part of my treatment here is psycho-therapy which it is hoped will make it possible for me to develop a permanent affection for a suitable member of the opposite sex.

I go into these personal details in an attempt to explain—but not justify—my excesses. Millions of other men are similarly disturbed.

I was a "child prodigy." At the age of eighteen I was already nationally famous; one of my early works was bringing in steady royalties of several thousand dollars a year, and it is still producing income. I have always been a hard though irregular worker; if I stopped work today my income would remain around \$50,000 a year for life.



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up
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(Signed) ALPHONSE PERSICO

Business Manager

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(My commission expires March 30, 1954)

My first introduction to stimulants was through such substances as the familiar benzedrine, which I took to provide "pep" to work a couple of days at a stretch without sleep. I have taken benzedrine and similar stimulants all my adult life; their debilitating effects are well-known. I have also been addicted to coffee, tobacco, and alcohol—all of which are gravely detrimental to the nervous, circulatory, digestive and glandular systems if taken chronically over long periods of time. I mention these as basic though unspectacular factors contributing to my general breakdown.

I have never touched opium or its derivatives—morphine and heroin. This was a deliberate decision on my part, since I know that the opium addict derives no pleasure whatsoever from the drug, which he must take in steadily increasing dosages in order merely to avert the terrible torments that follow deprivation. Several of my friends, however, are "junkies."

I have smoked a great deal of marijuana, which I found to be over-rated as a sex stimulant. It does produce a temporary feeling of exaltation and releases inhibitions, and I had quite a few romances with girls who thought marijuana smoking was "wicked" and "exciting."

Marijuana probably contributed indirectly to my breakdown because it increased my opportunities for sexual excess, but I did not find it habit-forming, an opinion that is also held by such authorities as Dr. Walter Bromberg of the Psychiatric Clinic of the Court of General Sessions in New York City.

Much more harmful was the so-called "Spanish Fly," or contharides, the name of the South European insect which is dried and powdered to produce this hellish stuff. I have used Spanish Fly for years, primarily as a sex stimulant, and usually in alcoholic beverages.

Spanish Fly is a powerful irritant and poison; as little as forty grains can kill. It causes serious irritation of the membranes of the mouth, stomach, and genito-urinary system. As a result of prolonged usage, I acquired kidney disorders and grave urethral strictures, which played an important part in my breakdown.

Some of the other better-known aphrodisiacs (so-called) I experimented with at various times include belladonna, ergot, datura, phosphorus, arsenic, paprika and other "hot" condiments, male hormones taken without benefit of advice of a competent medical ad-

visor, and cocaine. All of these I found to be harmful and greatly over-rated; cocaine, for example, while a powerful stimulant, dulled Nature's warning of fatigue but fatigue but also made me a nervous wreck and practically ruined my digestion. Far better stimulants, I have concluded, are good food, fresh air, rest, and exercise.

MOST vicious were certain little-known drugs I found in my various travels, which had local reputations as sex stimulants. Many of these are indigenous to Central and South America. One was the zowpanthil bean, which releases inhibitions and gives a temporary feeling of strength, confidence, and well-being. Since it attracts attention to the sexual system, it may be classified as an aphrodisiac. But the ultimate effects are serious physical and nervous debilitation.

Another was cametillo, which the natives distill from a tuberous root. It has the usual effect of dulling inhibitions and producing a false feeling of vigor, but it is also a system-wrecker. It has been known to kill confirmed addicts by cumulative paralysis of the nervous system.

Bear in mind that I experimented with each of these drugs only briefly, usually when I was in an area where they were available. My basic reason was probably an insatiable curiosity. But, over the years, the cumulative effect was tremendous.)

I found the common gelsemium root, which grows widely in Central and South America and even in some of our southern states, a terrific intoxicant. Moonshiners in this country have used it to give an extra "kick" to their dubious whiskey: Its smoky white color is a giveaway. It is a deadly poison, however; a large dose can paralyze and kill within a few hours. And I have been told that it is extremely habit-forming, almost as habit-forming as opium.

In Colombia, I sampled yage, which produces erotic dreams peopled by ravishing members of the opposite sex, all weirdly diminished in size. This drug is also extremely habit-forming. Fortunately, however, the beginner finds it very difficult to take; the system tries to throw off the powerful poison by violent attacks of vomiting, nausea, and cramps. The addict, I am told, must constantly increase his dosage, which the final penalty is death.

I have also experimented with two "love potion" drugs which the Central American Indians use

to pep up flagging interest—yom-bine and toloache. These are often administered secretly in drinks. Both appear to inhibit the brain's capacity for discrimination—so that even the most ugly hag will appear beautiful—while also stimulating desire. But they are both extremely habit-forming, ultimately leaving their victims glassy-eyed, listless wrecks, lacking either mentality or vigor.

In the Amazon River jungles I sampled both *urigu* and *maricusa* which produce strange visions and are also aphrodisiacs, according to the natives. To the man drugged with the juices of these plants, every woman is beautiful. In addition, he has romantic hallucinations; he may be walking along a jungle trail and suddenly seem to come face-to-face with some girl friend he knew years ago, perhaps in New York or Hollywood. She has every appearance of reality, and it never occurs to the intoxicated man that he is witnessing a vision. These drugs, too, ultimately wreck both body and soul.

I did not have to go outside of my own country to dabble with peyote—the "button" or top of a small, hardy cactus plant which grows widely in some of our western states. In recent years, peyot-addiction has greatly increased in many of our major cities, while numerous "peyote clubs" which specialize in sex debauches have been reported from time to time.

Peyote is extremely dangerous. It can induce temporary insanity, which is one reason its users like to consume it—the "buttons" are dried and eaten—by people assembled in groups, where they can protect each other from the consequences of running berserk. For a time it was used by psychiatrists as an aid to releasing inhibitions in the treatment of mental disorders.

PEYOTL produces a false confidence and exotic visions of great, though totally false, beauty. The eater is temporarily a superman—or superwoman. There is no distressing hangover afterward, as in the case with many drugs. Use of an hypodermic needle—required with opium derivatives—is unnecessary—and the peyote eater does not reveal his addiction by his breath, as is the case with the marijuana or opium smoker.

The development of peyote addiction is stealthy. It begins when the user decides that he just cannot put off repeating the weirdly fascinating experience any longer. He feels that, since he has no craving for the peyote itself—actually it tastes bitter—he can "take it or

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leave it alone." In this respect, peyoti, at the start of addiction, somewhat resembles tobacco; the body experiences no effects of deprivation. But, come to think of it, how many confirmed users of tobacco can break the habit, even if they want to? And peyoti is far more deadly than nicotine.

Ultimately peyoti—a powerful narcotic—destroys the nervous system, the mind, and the digestive-reproductive systems. The addict is content to sit listlessly and glassy-eyed, a debilitated scrawny parody of himself. Peyoti addiction, in the opinion of some historians, was largely responsible for the decline and fall of the great Mayan and

Aztec Indian civilizations.

THESE are some of the sex stimulants I have experimented with over the years, and which ultimately wrecked me and brought me to this hospital. The prognosis for my recovery is not too favorable. It is hoped that psychoanalysis will free me of my "Casanova drive" which made it almost compulsory for me to attempt to seduce every woman I met. Psychoanalysis may also remove a deep-rooted inferiority complex, which drove me to excel in my profession but also led me to experiment with sex drugs and indulge in orgiastic revels, as a means of "proving myself."

But psychoanalysis will not restore muscle tone to my badly overstrained heart, blood vessels, and other organs. Rest, diet, exercise, hormone treatments, and surgery will help some, but I am told that, at best, I will remain a semi-invalid for the rest of my life.

And the sex vigor of which I was long so proud can never be more than partially restored. Due solely to my excesses—aided by the use of unnatural stimulants—I face now a life of almost total continence. In addition to "burning the candle at both ends" I fed the flame with unnatural fuels—and now I must pay the penalty.

THE END

THE QUEEN WHO PAID FOR LOVE

(Continued from page 27)

mainly much higher than the right.

Perhaps because of her ugliness, Christina was raised in almost complete solitude. No attempt was made to "prettyfify" her. She soon became morbidly introspective, and spent much of her time alone, reading omnivorously. Her room itself was nighmarish—all the walls were draped with black velvet from ceiling to floor and completely covering the windows, so that no natural light ever entered. Christina grew up in an eerie world of her own that was illuminated solely by waxen tapers.

GUSTAVUS died when she was seven, and the intensity of her education increased. Her only friends were her tutors—all men. She had a frantic desire for learning, and actually mastered thirteen languages—old-Swedish, Latin, Greek, Arabic, Hebrew, French, Italian, Spanish, Dutch, German, Danish, Finnish, and English. In addition, she mastered philosophy, political science, and astronomy, and became an authority on literature, poetry, and the arts.

So far, she had experienced no sex life whatsoever. She rectified that after she was crowned "King of Sweden" on her 18th birthday. Her first love affair was with one of her ladies-in-waiting, an exquisite blonde creature named Ebba Sparre. In this romance she apparently played the male part; she was already very mannish in her attitudes, wearing hunting costume almost exclusively except for court functions.

Christina's desire to be a man is shown in Ebba Sparre's *Memoirs*, in which she reveals her fascination for manly forms of exercise.

"As to the strength and agility of her body," she wrote of herself, "Christina was an incomparable being. Ten hours' hunting meant nothing to her, she galloped at such a mad speed that no one could overtake her. Cold, wind, and rain were constant companions." She was an excellent shot, and liked nothing better than to put her troops through maneuvers, larding her commands with bawdy and profane comments.

Apparently Ebba Sparre was not basically lesbian. On one occasion, the Queen took her on a visit to the French humorist Menage, whom they found reading a risque book titled "How to Get On With the Ladies." Christina insisted that Ebba read the book aloud and roared with merriment as the poor girl stammered and blushed.

THOUGH Christina lavished affection and wealth upon Ebba, she could not hold the girl. Ebba fell in love with a Count Jacob de la Gardie, a young, normal male. Terming herself "Sappho," Christina tried to break up the romance, but when her attempts failed she magnanimously insisted that the couple marry.

Next she did a complete switch-around and, acting completely feminine, had a torrid love affair with the Count's brother, Count Magnus de la Gardie. With her customary generosity, she showered him with wealth and honors. Though some historians insist that she was always a "Virgin Queen," there is some evidence that she actually bore him two children. But again she could not hold love; he became enamored of a charmer named Marie Euphrosyne. And again the Queen insisted on marriage, saying to Marie, "I give to

you him who is forbidden to me." Subsequently she made de la Gardie Ambassador to France.

The mystery of Christina's changing sex interests still baffles psychiatrists. Alfred Neumann in his *The Life of Christina of Sweden* notes plaintively, "The problem of her sexual constitution can never be solved completely . . . the Queen refused to be treated as the peasant treats his furrows."

In other words, she defiantly refused to be treated as a passive, submissive, mindless woman. This may explain why men were always uneasy in her company, and why she pursued women she could dominate when male lovers were not available.

One clue to her complex character may be found in her weird love affair with Clairet Poissonet. A French boy of poor birth, he was employed at menial tasks in Christina's palace when her hairdresser noticed the beauty of Poissonet's fine, auburn hair. Knowing of the Queen's propensity for male attire, he dressed Poissonet as a woman with an elaborate hair-do. Then he showed his masterpiece to the Queen, pointing out the style, and without attempting to deceive Christina that Poissonet was not a man.

THE Queen promptly fell in love with the pretty youth. In the guise of a woman, Poissonet served Christina as a spy in many countries. Christina gave him immense wealth, made him marshal or keeper of her lodgings when abroad, entrusted him with her personal finances, and trusted him implicitly. In their strange way, these two transvestites may actually have loved each other.

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her lovers. One, a musician named Antonio Rivani, apparently tired of her and sought to take service with another royal house. She had, in her usual way, showered him with gifts. When she heard that he was thinking of deserting her she warned, "I wish it to be known that I will never consent to Antonio Rivani exchanging my service for another's, and that henceforth he is in the world for me alone, and that he would not be alive for long if he took other service."

Rivani, an astute man, heeded this gentle hint.

During her 10-year reign, Christina won an unsavory reputation for her innumerable romances, her mannish actions, and her general unconventionality. Both Sweden and she were relieved when she abdicated on June 16, 1654. Dressed as a man, she traveled incognito to Denmark. Almost her first words on arriving there were, "Behold, I am free at last, and far from a country to which I hope never to return."

She never did return. The remainder of her life was to be a strange kaleidoscope of contradictions, love affairs followed by nun-like chastity, political intrigues followed by mystical withdrawal into religion. She had been converted from Lutheranism to Catholicism, and at times she revealed almost saintlike qualities, while at others her actions were so reprehensible as to provoke the near-despair of the Pope Himself.

TO HER lovers she continued to be "princely" in her generosity, while they continued to double-cross or tire of her. The most famous case was that of Marquis Monascheldi or Monedeschi, as his name is variously spelled.

She made Monascheldi her "personal equerry" and "Grand Master of the Horse." Monascheldi, presumably in an attempt to gain greater favor with her, forged some letters with the name of another of her lovers, one Francesco Santinelli. When Christina discovered the forgery, she made a snap-decision and had Monascheldi stabbed to death. It was a gory affair; Monascheldi wore chain armor under his rich clothing and kept pleading for his life as his executioners cut him to pieces.

When she heard that the sentence of death had been carried out, Christina promptly ordered that 100 livres be sent to a convent that prayers for the repose of his soul might be said.

This cold-blooded, hasty, and probably ill-advised crime revolted both her religious and lay advisors alike. One historian noted that she had ". . . dipped her hands in the blood of a man whom she was often accustomed to caress. . . ."

The man who ordered the execution was Christina's ever-faithful Poissonet. The most enthusiastic dagger-wielder was Francesco Santinelli. Later Christina tried brazenly to get Santinelli appointed to a French barony, a suggestion that was coldly turned down.

She was really fleeced by Santinelli, who for a time was her "Lord Chamberlain." He pilfered her linens and livery, stole her gold plate and had it re-engraved with his own coat-of-arms, spent the money he received from her on other women, and even embezzled money she had given him for investment purposes. While he was up to this duplicity, he was living all the time in a fine house—equal to her own—she had provided for him.

SANTINELLI gradually eased himself out of the picture without any retaliations. By this time Christina was in her early forties, and had lost her original petite though mannish figure. According to the historian Maximilian, she had grown "very fat and stocky." Her attire was becoming almost ecclesiastically severe, ". . . a man's vest of black satin, a man's shoes, a thick black necktie, and a belt around her waist which betrayed its rotundity. . . ."

She spent much of her time in Rome, where she owned considerable real estate. There her lover and business-manager was another unscrupulous adventurer named Marquis del Monte, who had been banished from the Church because of his sins and unrepentance and with whom she had spent a gay—and costly—year touring Germany. Del Monte inherited the title of "Grand Master of the Horse," had a fine house and a coach-and-six and lived every bit as expensively as the ex-Queen.

Like some of the others, del Monte defrauded Christina unmercifully. His sex life was notorious; in Rome, Christina tried to live with some outward circumspection at least, but del Monte flaunted his mistresses. Nevertheless, the ageing Christina refused to turn him away, a heart attack brought on by his many excesses finally killing him while attending the Opera.

Gradually Christina found it

more and more difficult to hold lovers. She grew almost completely without shame in her pursuit of men. Becoming enamored of a young man of twenty-four named Don Benigno, she tried every strategy she could think of to win him.

BUT she finally gave up pursuing him. Her next love affair was with an alchemist named Bandiere, who was attempting to transmute base metals into gold, among other experiments. Bandiere was not a handsome man, being bandy-legged, skinny, and slightly balding, although he was wiry and strong and he had a good mind. He was also a heavy drinker and chased any and all women who would have anything to do with him.

Into her home Christina brought a young girl of curiously mannish characteristics, named Sybil. Sybil was beautiful in an effeminate way; she had been very much a tomboy, and she hated the company of girls. There is even some doubt whether she was actually a girl at all. Some think she may have been a true hermaphrodite. Most likely she was a lesbian.

CHRISTINA had a premonition that she would not live long. She had a burial dress made for her, an exquisite, totally feminine creation of white satin, ornamented with flowers and lace of gold thread. She developed the habit of putting it on and standing before her mirror, looking at herself for long moments without saying a word.

She had told no one of her premonition.

One day, when she was thus studying herself in the beautiful dress, she suddenly said to Sybil, "What am I thinking about?"

"Your Majesty," Sybil answered promptly and simply, "you are thinking that you will soon be buried in that dress, which you have had made for the purpose."

Sybil was right. Only a few months later, on April 19, 1669, Christina died. Wearing the white and gold dress, she was buried.

The good she did throughout her life far outweighed the evil. Basically she was a woman who, because she was ugly and distorted, would have preferred to be a man, in whom beauty is not so important. Her greatest tragedy is that the thing she wanted most out of life was the normal love of a man, and that was the thing she seldom if ever received, and for which she had to pay. THE END

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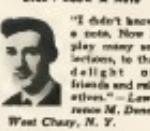
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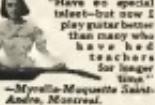
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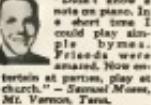
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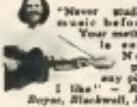
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